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THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE ceremony of Thursday last must be succeeded by more than a week's interval of routine business of various kinds before the second Parliament of 1886 can really get to work. The composition of the Cabinet which will direct its proceedings and the threats of obstructive tactics to prevent its doing its business are matters of immediate interest which are discussed elsewhere. But when men have ceased discussing Ministerial appointments, and when the Parnellite Radicals have discovered (as much for their own sake as for any other, it is to be hoped that they will discover it speedily) that the discrediting of their party before the nation cannot be more successfully accomplished than by the action they threaten, then the interest of the situation will be by no means exhausted. During the last brief tenure of office by the Conservative party their numerical weakness in Parliament, and the sense that they might be, as they were in fact, ejected quickly from power, gave a kind of provisional character to their Government. They were able to adopt a course of conduct which was on the whole judicious towards the Bulgarian difficulty, and to begin in the very nick of time the only judicious course of policy towards Greece, while in some other respects they were enabled to take important steps in foreign affairs. But even here, and still more in domestic matters, the inconvenience of uncertainty of tenure was upon them. If this inconvenience has not entirely ceased, it has now been very much diminished. Even while they are not in a nominal majority of the whole House, the pledges (now publicly confirmed by Lord HARTINGTON) which the Conservatives have received and the differences (more firm than any pledges) which divide their opponents, should, unless the unexpected is more than usually capricious, secure their position; and it only rests with them, by judicious measures, to turn their nominal minority into an actual majority. Above all, for some time at least, no other Government is possible, and that is the chief and principal thing. The conviction of it may support Lord SALISBURY and his party through more dangerous circumstances than the threatened opposition to the return of Mr. MATTHEWS, the vague resolution of the Liberal Unionists to do nothing that may hinder the reunion of the Liberal party, and the still vaguer and more portentous announcements of Mr. GLADSTONE as to his intended holiday in or beyond this country. Should the Birmingham Unionists succeed in making terms with Mr. COOK, one immediate result will be that the Conservatives are henceforward free to assault and capture any Unionist seat which gives them a chance. The attempts at reunion between Mr. GLADSTONE's slavish followers and those whom Mr. GLADSTONE has persistently traduced and abused can only succeed at the cost of the whole reputation for consistency and independence which the Liberals proper have lately won. What Mr. GLADSTONE himself will do is always an unknown quantity, and not now more than at other times. Two chief suggestions have been made as to his probable employment as a Dweller on the Threshold "beyond" this country. A stumping tour in the United States would be only a curiosity; and a stumping tour in Ireland, with its certain consequences of disorder and its probable consequences of severe bloodshed, would, though his remarks in seconding the election of Mr. PEEL make it not impossible, discredit Mr. GLADSTONE even more deeply than he is at present discredited.

It has been pointed out before now that many reasons

prove the advisableness of a certain rest and circumspection in political and Parliamentary affairs. After seeing only three Parliaments in very nearly twenty years, Great Britain has seen the same number in less than twelve months, and it is scarcely probable that a violent desire for a fourth will seize her. The late agitations require, as any one with a grain of common sense must see, time to calm down before the country can address itself to great questions with any hope of beneficial results. If the details of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Home Rule plan had been less mischievous and unworkable, if the circumstances of its introduction had been less morally and politically scandalous, it would still have been self-condemned as being thrust upon the country without warning or preparation, and at a time when the results of an election on a previously untried franchise and an entirely uncertain programme had furnished nothing but a haphazard and doubtfully representative Parliament. The second election has, in a way, repaired part of the mischief; and a few months of reflection, or even of mere waiting, will go far to repair the rest. The admirable advice of Captain MARRYAT'S MESTY, "Stop a little!" would certainly not have been less frequently given if that African prince had been a politician. Yet it would be absurd to advise that the new Government should adopt a mere policy of *kief*, a statesmanship of siesta. There is plenty for it to do, both at home and abroad; and reasonable circumspection in the doing is only to be recommended, because it will enable that doing to be more thorough. Of the necessity and the complexity of an attempt to deal comprehensively, and, as far as the restlessness of modern politics will allow, finally, with the question of Local Government no one doubts. Mr. CHAPLIN is, indeed, so convinced of it that he has based his refusal of office on the exclusion not of himself but of the President of the Local Government Board from Cabinet rank—a well-intended, but not perhaps strictly logical, action. It is by no means certain that the Government would not do well to take in hand a thorough system of departmental reform. Thirty years of Liberal Government and of indulgence in constant fads—competitive examination, abolition of purchase, short service, compulsory retirements, or bribes to induce retirement, and the like—have given us the most expensive civil, military, and naval services in the world, and have most certainly not given us the most efficient. Besides these two great reforms, either of which happily carried out would be enough for the reputation of a statesman or a party, there are numerous minor things to do which are not the less worth doing because they are not of the kind that pleases the usual kind of spokesman at Radical meetings. There is no doubt that the constant rise of the national expenditure without any corresponding appearance of new subjects for taxation is, next to the efforts lately made to disintegrate and destroy the Empire, the principal subject which should occupy a statesman.

It is of the more importance to reduce, or at any rate to check the rise of, this expenditure in useless directions, because there are useful ones in which no wise Government will show itself parsimonious. In nothing has the misgovernment of the GLADSTONE school been so obvious as in its foreign policy, which has alternately neglected the great means of enlarging the resources of the British Empire, and wasted those resources as they exist in clumsy and ill-timed attempts to repair its own mistakes. Lord CARNARVON, if, as the gossips related, he pressed for an active policy abroad at the now famous Carlton meeting, showed himself better

inspired than at some other moments of his career. The fortunate accident of Mr. GLADSTONE's absorption in the process of buying Mr. PARNELL, and the natural eagerness of the Radical party to gratify the only young peer of ability who is connected with them, have enabled Lord ROSEBURY to carry on some things and to begin others well during the last six months. But Lord IDDESLEIGH will find plenty to occupy himself with at the Foreign Office. The question of the relations of England and the East requires to be treated as a whole; for Batoum, Burmah, and Badakhshan are only cases of the same problem. The scant and lax attention which Egyptian affairs have recently received (and which it is to be feared has been the cause of the loss of many valuable lives) might be intensified and increased with a good deal of advantage. That process of arming and connecting the outlying defences of the Empire which Lord GRANVILLE (*quod minime veris*) tells us has just been begun, cannot be too quickly and vigorously carried out. The fine words which have been lavishly devoted of late to the Colonies and the colonists will have been not merely a futility, but a positive and dangerous misfortune, if they are not supplemented by deeds, and it must be remembered that the two most important of all our dependencies—Canada and Australia—have each, if not exactly a quarrel, yet a suit in which they require backing of one kind or another, against hostile, or at least troublesome, neighbours. But what is of most importance and most difficulty is to restore the definite position in European politics which England lost when Lord BEACONSFIELD went out of office, and which some of her enemies hope will never be restored. This hope is usually based, not merely on the anti-national character of Gladstonian policy, but on the fickleness and almost more than Gallically kaleidoscopic changes of English Ministries. There seems to be, on the whole, some ground for the belief that French ill-will to England, never wholly dormant, is now in a livelier condition than it has been in for some time; and none but those who have a beam in their eyes or a Russian retainer in their pockets can mistake the recent conduct of the Czar's advisers or at least of the Czar. In neither case is the ill-will likely to be removed; the question is only one of rendering it harmless by very well-known methods—by methods at least very well known to statesmen, and which ought to be very well known to all intelligent Englishmen. Many Radical figments have been exploded by recent events; it would be in the highest degree satisfactory if Lord ROSEBURY's adoption of a Tory foreign policy removed the prevalent, or very lately prevalent, Radical idea that there is no medium between elaborately offering the other cheek all over the world and playing the bully with the same sedulousness and ubiquity. The present Government has the opportunity of showing what the medium is, and this is one of its greatest opportunities.

THE COMPLETION OF THE MINISTRY.

THE delays and probable difficulties which have occurred during the formation of the Government will perhaps never be explained, and they are no longer practically important. Every reader of a newspaper knew as well as Lord SALISBURY the materials from which the Cabinet was to be constructed; and consequently the details of the appropriation of places to actual or possible candidates possessed but secondary interest. The appointments of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, and of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH to the still more arduous post of Irish Secretary, were announced almost simultaneously with Lord SALISBURY's acceptance of the commission to form a Government. Excepting Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, no recent Chancellor of the Exchequer has been selected without regard to his knowledge of finance; but Mr. DISRAELI on two or three occasions filled the office without discredit, and there is perhaps no State department in which the permanent officers are so well qualified to advise and direct their chief. There is no necessary connexion between Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's office and the lead of the House of Commons; but the general conduct of Government business in Parliament is more conveniently combined with the headship of the Exchequer than with a Secretaryship of State. The Home Office and the Foreign Office more especially require incessant labour and attention. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, before and after the production of a Budget which he may or may not have personally pre-

pared, enjoys comparative leisure. Little or nothing happens from day to day which requires his active interference. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL will for some time to come be relieved from the duty of exercising his discretion in the employment of a surplus. If it should be necessary to impose fresh taxes, he will probably resort, like his predecessors, to the increase of the only source of revenue which appears to be susceptible of indefinite extension. His principal assistant, Mr. JACKSON, is said to be an able man of business, and the Financial Secretary of the Treasury habitually relieves his chief of much of his official duties. It may also be hoped that when important financial questions arise Lord IDDESLEIGH will exert in the Cabinet the influence to which he is entitled by his sound knowledge and large experience.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's mode of discharging the more important functions which he has undertaken will be watched with a stronger feeling of curiosity. The business of leading the House of Commons is, notwithstanding its paramount importance, as little recognized by law as the authority of the Cabinet or of the Prime Minister. As the position of the leader in his own party is independent of his possession of office, he has generally retained the post during a long period. In the last fifty years there have been only four leaders of the Liberal party in the House of Commons—Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Lord PALMERSTON, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Lord HARTINGTON. On the other side the names of Sir ROBERT PEEL, Lord GEORGE BENTINCK, Mr. DISRAELI, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE completed the list down to the date of the changes which have been made in 1885 and 1886. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has earned his promotion more rapidly than any leader of either party, with two exceptions. On the removal of Lord ALTHORP to the House of Lords, Lord JOHN RUSSELL was, after some hesitation, preferred to Mr. SPRING RICE and other competitors, though he had only attained Cabinet rank two or three years before. The post had been by general consent destined for Mr. STANLEY, till his secession left a vacancy in the party. Mr. DISRAELI conquered the post of leader in a still shorter time by his bow and his spear. Lord STANLEY made repeated efforts to thwart the ambition of the unwelcome colleague by whose influence he was afterwards completely dominated; but, after the separation of the bulk of the Tory party from Sir ROBERT PEEL, Mr. DISRAELI became their virtual leader, even during the ostensible occupation of the post by Lord GEORGE BENTINCK. It is not known that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's ambition has been encountered by similar obstacles. He is supposed to have contributed by his efforts to the substitution of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH for Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE; and to have now superseded his temporary nominee. The success which he has obtained as a popular orator would in itself not have justified his promotion; but his great abilities have also been recognized in the House of Commons. Lord SALISBURY has probably satisfied himself that his energetic colleague is capable of prudent moderation, and that he has the peculiar gifts which qualify a politician for the management of men. If it is true that he has taken Mr. DISRAELI for his model, he may acquire the necessary tact and skill; and in some respects he will not find it difficult to improve on the example. It would have been found difficult or impossible to disregard the claims of the most vigorous member of the party. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH has considerable merits, but he is neither a born orator nor a leader of men.

The modest title of Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant inadequately expresses the power and responsibility which Sir M. HICKS-BEACH has gallantly undertaken. It has evidently been thought expedient to add importance to his office by giving him as a nominal chief a merely ornamental Lord-Lieutenant. The young nobleman who succeeds Lord ABERDEEN has had no opportunity of exhibiting any capacity which he may possess. He will probably, like Lord ABERDEEN, cultivate popularity to the best of his ability; but he will have a more difficult task. The late Lord-Lieutenant took every advantage of his position as a partisan of Mr. GLADSTONE, who had for the time acquired the unbounded favour of the populace. Lord LONDONDERRY will probably remember that, while he obeys the instructions of Lord SALISBURY, he represents the QUEEN. He will not, like Lord ABERDEEN, be tempted to forget his official character by the unanimous applause of the disaffected portion of the community. The present Government will apparently not try the doubtful experiment of abolishing the Irish Viceroyalty. It is a simpler plan to confer the office on a nobleman who will have little opportunity of inter-

fering in serious affairs. It would, perhaps, be difficult to find a statesman who would co-operate on equal terms with the Irish Secretary. Lord SPENCER and Mr. TREVELYAN would, perhaps, have acted together less harmoniously if both had been members of the Cabinet. Their immediate predecessors, Lord COWPER and Mr. FORSTER, held equally distinct positions, though in that case the Secretary, and not the Lord-Lieutenant, had a seat in the Cabinet. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH will be free from interference or rivalry on the part of his nominal superior. It may be hoped that he will derive valuable information and advice from a colleague who possesses a thorough knowledge of Irish affairs. Lord SALISBURY has repeated the novel experiment of admitting the Lord Chancellor of Ireland to the Cabinet, and Lord ASHBORNE's qualifications justify the choice. It is to be regretted that another Irishman of great ability is for the present relegated to an office of secondary importance; but it was necessary to restrict the number of Cabinet Ministers, and Mr. PLUNKET may perhaps earn promotion to a higher post.

There is no doubt that Lord SALISBURY is well advised in not returning to the Foreign Office. The Prime Minister has sometimes held without inconvenience the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer; but the duties of the Foreign Secretary are too onerous to allow of a similar combination. The Prime Minister, if he exercises a due supervision over the departments, is fully occupied. It has always, except perhaps during a part of Lord PALMERSTON's tenure of the Foreign Office, been the practice of the Prime Minister to concern himself with international policy, though Mr. GLADSTONE's extraordinary ignorance and culpable indifference may probably have prevented him from assisting or controlling Lord GRANVILLE. It was only when some passion or prejudice stirred Mr. GLADSTONE to action that he encouraged Russian aggression or perpetrated criminal follies in Egypt. Lord DERBY, though he was careless and indolent sometimes, dictated the terms of a despatch to Lord MALMESBURY. Sir ROBERT PEEL incurred M. GUIZOT's censure by declining to share Lord ABERDEEN's unbounded confidence in the good faith of France. During the four years of Lord GREY's term of office as Prime Minister he exercised a constant and active supervision over Lord PALMERSTON's conduct of affairs. There is no reason to doubt that Lord SALISBURY will continue to direct the foreign policy of England, and he may safely trust the details of negotiation to the prudent and courteous management of Lord IDDESLEIGH. The PRIME MINISTER will also be able to supply Sir RICHARD CROSS's deficiencies of familiarity with Indian affairs; and it must be remembered that the Indian Secretary is provided with experienced advisers in the members of his Council. The appointment of Ministers to their respective departments has always been arranged with a partial disregard of their special knowledge, if not of their aptitudes. Removed by his elevation to the House of Lords from the necessity of taking part in debate, Sir RICHARD CROSS will probably discharge his duty satisfactorily. The selection of Mr. W. H. SMITH and Lord GEORGE HAMILTON as Secretary for War and First Lord of the Admiralty has been generally approved. Neither of them is a novice in his office, and Mr. SMITH is universally known as an able man of business. Mr. STANHOPE and Mr. RITCHIE have to prove their administrative capacity, though both of them are known to possess considerable ability. Sir F. STANLEY will be an industrious President of the Board of Trade, and Sir H. HOLLAND will probably be an efficient Vice-President of the Council. The unexpected promotion of Mr. MATTHEWS may be more conveniently discussed when the ungenerous attempt to prevent his re-election has failed or succeeded. The opposition was first undertaken by anti-Catholic fanatics, and it is rendered formidable by the complicity of Gladstonite Radicals. It might have been thought that the cry of "No Popery" was obsolete in Birmingham and elsewhere, and it would scarcely have been expected that even the most unprincipled of factions would concur in the sectarian agitation. The followers of Mr. GLADSTONE having for the present failed in their attempt to subject the Irish Protestants to the priests, now combine with the zealots who would exclude Mr. MATTHEWS from Parliament because he is a Catholic. Probably Mr. GLADSTONE may encourage the proceeding by a suitable telegram or post-card. One of his most favoured adherents and correspondents takes a leading part in the discreditable agitation. Whether or not Mr. MATTHEWS is able to retain the office of Home Secretary, the New Government will be not inferior to the greater number of preceding Cabinets.

FRANCE.

IT is the fate of the present race of French politicians to get into undignified scrapes. Office brings misfortune to all of them, and it has led General BOULANGER into a particularly absurd misadventure, and all because, according to his own pathetic words, he could not foresee that his letters to the Duc d'AUMALE would be published. In truth, the General has made a mistake common enough among persons of the kind called too clever by half. He has tried to play both sides of the game, and has taken it for granted that, while he was using his cleverest manoeuvres, the other players would rigidly adhere to some stupidly honourable line of conduct most convenient to himself. It was in a way a very smart thing to flatter the Duc d'AUMALE while he was powerful, to hang on to his skirts as long as they could pull an officer up, and then, when the luck had turned, to go quickly over to the winning side. To kick down the ladder by which they have risen is a not uncommon practice among the successful men of this world. When they are masters of their business, however, they take care to be sure that the ladder is harmless. It was just here that General BOULANGER made his mistake. When he threw himself into the work of persecuting the Orleanist Princes and insulted his former General, the Minister forgot that the Duc d'AUMALE had letters of his which would sound very bad if published at that moment, or else he took it for granted that the DUKE would keep them hidden in his desk. Whichever mistake he made, it was very fatal to him. The Duc d'AUMALE, like the Duke of WELLINGTON, keeps all his letters, and, having been grossly insulted by a man who had once been his humble obedient servant, he used them. Whether he consulted his dignity by fighting the MINISTER of WAR with his own weapons is perhaps doubtful; but he had his revenge, and his adversary helped to make it more complete, whereby it must have been all the more pleasant. The General brought his punishment on himself. His first assertion, that he owed nothing to the Duc d'AUMALE, was rash, and provoked the publication of the letter in which he begged for the DUKE's recommendation. If, when this document appeared, he had acknowledged it, and excused it as done in the days of ignorance, when he as yet knew not the full beauty of Republicanism and the dangerous character of the Orleanist Princes, and had gone on to speak of the higher duty he owed the State, he would have used the kind of humbug which has a solid value. Unluckily for him, he denied he had ever written it, declared that he could not recognize the style, and placarded all France with his denial. Whereupon two other letters were immediately published, one thanking the DUKE for his protection and the other blessing the day when he should again have the honour of serving under Monseigneur. Then General BOULANGER had to surrender, and make an effort to wriggle out of his fix by writing bullying letters to M. LIMBOURG, the DUKE's man of business. All he has gained by this final move has been a contemptuous reminder of the unpleasant fact that he has been publicly caught out in the discreditable trick of saying the thing which is not, and withal the most resounding slap in the face which has been inflicted on any Frenchman in this generation.

If, as is commonly said in France, the standard of honour among French military men is high, the Third Republic has of late years gone very strangely to work to please the army. When the Princes had to be removed from the active list, an officer who had broken his parole was made Minister of War for the occasion. General THIBAUDIN served his turn, and was thrown aside. Now when the work he began has to be completed, another officer is chosen to be at the head of the French army, who is proved out of his own mouth to have been an intriguer of a very commonplace stamp. At every step in this trumpery persecution the Republic has besmirched the army. Military men must needs ask themselves whether defilement of this kind is not necessarily their portion under a Government of this nature. The press, including the very papers which clamoured for the expulsion of the Princes, is engaged in rebuking General BOULANGER; but these airs of virtue sit very badly on it. When work which is in the very nature of it dirty has to be done, appropriate instruments must be found. The ruling clique among the Republicans, having decided to worry a body of gentlemen whom they hated mainly for being gentlemen, had, as a matter of course, to look about for the person who was prepared to help them. General BOULANGER presented himself. He was disposed to push his

fortunes by making use of Radical spite, envy, and bigotry. You do not get a BAYARD to make himself useful in this way and for this object. When, therefore, General BOULANGER is discovered to be very unlike BAYARD, the Radicals have no reason whatever to be surprised. It is they who have made it necessary that the post of Minister of War should be held by men of little scruple. If General BOULANGER is to be thrown over by his friends for the sin of having been found out, the incident will be both amusing and characteristic. It is delightful to hear the smallest of mankind talking magnificently about honour, but the poetic justice which is being done on General BOULANGER will not wash the Radicals clean. The Republic cannot afford to neglect the goodwill of the army, as the Communal elections of the last week have shown. The Conservatives have not gained so much ground as they hoped to, and as their enemies undoubtedly feared they would; but they have made a slight advance. As a matter of course, the Republicans are professing themselves satisfied with the result of the elections, but it can hardly be with any degree of sincerity. It is true that the partisans of the existing form of government have, on the whole, kept their ground; but this is little enough to be satisfied with. During the preparations for the election, Republican papers insisted very naturally that the Conservative parties are by their position compelled to agitate for a change of some sort, and yet cannot say exactly what it is to be or what is to follow upon it. A community which is so profoundly interested as France in the maintenance of internal peace ought on the face of it to be thoroughly afraid of parties with such a dangerous and such a vague programme. It seems, however, that there is a large minority in France which is by no means afraid of the prospect of change. For the present it is greatly outvoted, but it is relatively stronger than the mere total of votes cast would seem to show. A large part of the supporters of the Republic belongs to the class which will vote for any existing Government. These people fear a disturbance so heartily that they would assuredly do nothing to prevent one. They would simply get out of the way till it was over, and would then accept whatever came out of it. Neither can it be supposed that the great number of voters who never take the trouble to vote at all are very enthusiastic for the Republic or for any other form of Government. If the Monarchy or the Empire were re-established to-morrow, they would continue to attend to their own affairs and to abstain from voting as before. There is no sign that any party is as yet prepared to make a serious attack on the Republic; but nobody who estimates things at their right value can doubt that, if the attack were made, it would receive a great deal of sympathy, and would be at the worst seen with great indifference by a very large part of the population of France.

If there is anything which might be trusted to bring about the ruin of any French Government, it is prolonged and burdensome financial mismanagement. For years past, however, the Radical chiefs of the Republic have acted as if there was some magic in the name of that form of administration which could be trusted to make people accept heavy taxes and disturbance to business as blessings. In spite of a heavy and a growing deficit, the Government has increased its expenses on an unprecedented scale. Although the receipts have been falling on all the French railroads, new lines are made at the public expense, and new guarantees are given by the Treasury every month. At this moment the Treasury is living on the proceeds of the last loan of nine hundred millions of francs. The MINISTER of FINANCE has endeavoured to minimize the gravity of the situation by publishing a species of apology. When reduced to plain words, what he has to say for the satisfaction of the country amounts, however, to no more than this—that the deficit for the current year is not more than seven millions of francs in excess of what it was on an average during the three previous years. It is little enough to be grateful for. Even according to M. GOBLER's calculations, which are meant to be encouraging, the French Budget is suffering from a permanent deficit of two hundred millions of francs. The last loan has put the Treasury at its ease for the present; but that is not a resource which can last for ever. New loans must be contracted and new taxes must needs be added to the crushing weight of taxation already borne by France. The Third Republic has, in fact, since it came to its majority by getting rid of its Conservative enemies and the Princes, done France the ill service of administering its finances on Turkish principles. It has been living financially from hand to mouth, after the fashion of FUAD PASHA and his successors. The inevitable

end of this kind of management is sufficiently well known. When it becomes a little more visible the Republic will, unless the nature of Frenchmen has greatly changed in these latter days, find that indifference and the support of voters who support all Governments simply because they fear change and disturbance can be easily changed into hostility. The French debt is not in the hands of foreign bondholders, but of native voters, who are already taxed nearly to the limit of their powers of paying. A very little more of the present extravagance, and a few more such apologies as M. GOBLER's may bring on a day of reckoning with startling rapidity.

BOATING AND DROWNING.

THE extraordinary number of fatal accidents on the water which have been reported in the newspapers during the last few weeks can scarcely have escaped remark. The cause seems to be in most instances pretty much the same. A large party of men and women crowd into a cockleshell boat. None of the women can swim, and very few of the men. As often as not they pick up a few more passengers on the way. They refresh themselves copiously at some riverside inn, and return in a hilarious frame of mind. After a good deal of horseplay some of them suddenly stand up, the boat immediately capsizes, and several lives are lost. Of course there are infinite variations of this theme. But in the main these catastrophes are due to the callousness of boat-keepers, the recklessness of pleasure-seekers, and a general ignorance of the art of swimming. It never seems to strike a man who has boats on hire that he incurs the slightest responsibility by letting a number of utterly inexperienced people jump into a ramshackle old tub which has not the slightest prejudice against floating bottom upwards, and by leaving them to shift for themselves. On the other hand, among those who rush to rivers on holidays there is little knowledge and less heed of the commonest precautions. Ordinary excursionists seem never to think of trimming. They have an idea that steering comes by nature, and the notion that bad rowing is dangerous never visits their minds. The pathetic exhortations of Mr. GARRETT ELLIOTT in the columns of the daily press make few converts. There have been members of University Eights who could not swim, and many have despised to their cost an accomplishment possessed in its own way by every dog. Some philosophers contend that any man could swim if only he had the nerve to strike out boldly as soon as he found himself in the water. It is sufficient for practical purposes to say that, if that theory be correct, then no untaught and unpractised person ever has the required nerve, though such people, when gifted with exceptional coolness, have been known to float on their backs. So the old story continues to be repeated, *apparent multi non nantes in gurgite parvo*. But the waters are capacious enough, and the appearance is only temporary.

Even worse than the helplessness of boating parties is the absolute indifference which the typical excursionist displays for the sufferings of others. A fatal accident which occurred at Stratford-on-Avon last Saturday illustrates both qualities in a painful manner. A young man was paddling on the river in the early afternoon. He was an "expert canoeist," but of course he could not swim a stroke. Now a canoe is no doubt a very easy thing to manage with a little experience. But it cannot be guaranteed against collision or upset, and to imitate Mr. MACGREGOR, in however humble a fashion, without being able to swim, is simply suicidal. The young man at Stratford ran into a pleasure-boat, or a pleasure-boat ran into him. At all events, he was thrown into the river where there was ten feet of water, was naturally helpless, and called loudly for assistance. What followed would be quite incredible but for similar and authenticated instances, such as the drowning of a child in Kensington Gardens some years ago. Several boats full of people came up, and the occupants seem vastly to have enjoyed the spectacle of a man actually drowning before their eyes. At least, no one made the slightest effort to save him, although it might apparently have been done by stretching out an arm, or even an oar. As soon as the drowning man ceased to struggle the excursionists rowed calmly away, feeling themselves no doubt in much better luck than my Lord TOMNODDY when he woke too late to see the man hanged. After the poor "canoeist" had finally gone under, two men expressed willingness to dive for his body, and in this ghastly enterprise they were successful. The whole story is almost too horrible

to contemplate. It should be said that no slur rests upon the birthplace of SHAKESPEARE, which was filled to overflowing with tourists, chiefly from Walsall. Some eye-witnesses say that the canoe was deliberately swamped by the first boat, in which case it is rather to be hoped than expected that there will be a prosecution for manslaughter. The moral of the incident, apart from the practical lessons which we have already endeavoured to inculcate, is the frightful cowardice and cruelty to be found among the most commonplace people, or, as Mr. BROWNING has more tersely and more theologically put it, "the corruption of man's heart." A still more practical move would be the establishment, at any rate at holiday times and in crowded waters, of some sort of river police.

THE MENACE OF OBSTRUCTION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the threats of his partisans, Mr. GLADSTONE is not likely to commence his conduct of the Opposition by a course of vulgar obstruction. Though it is conceivable that he may be eager to begin the conflict with the new Government, he will not damage his own cause by reproducing the former practices of his Nationalist allies. When he last drove his antagonists from office he had a large majority at his back, and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS's motion furnished him with an opportunity as good as any other for forcing himself into office. He will now find it difficult to frame any hostile Resolution which will rally the Unionist Liberals to his cause. Lord HARTINGTON and his friends are definitely pledged to oppose such a Resolution, and they will certainly not be in a hurry to facilitate the return of Mr. GLADSTONE to power. The telegrams and post-cards which were lavished on doubtful constituencies during the election must have left behind them some feelings of resentment. Even Mr. GLADSTONE's ingenuity will be insufficient for the task of raising any issue on which the moderate Liberals will not be able to exercise a discretion. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may probably have arranged terms of co-operation with Lord HARTINGTON in a system of temporary neutrality. An attempt to force on a declaration of Irish policy will give Lord SALISBURY and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL a fair occasion for claiming the right to determine their own political course. If Mr. GLADSTONE were to insist on the immediate publication of an official programme, the Ministers need only decline to gratify premature curiosity. It will be neither necessary nor prudent even to pledge themselves to any future course of comprehensive legislation.

Although Mr. GLADSTONE will scarcely make the mistake of imitating the PARNELLS and BIGGARS of three or four years ago, the menaces of obstruction which are announced in his name may probably imply some factious intention. His most immediate interest is to dissolve the partial alliance which has been formed between the Conservatives and the Unionist Liberals. The first step towards a reunion with Mr. GLADSTONE of his former followers would be a renunciation of the Separatist designs which have been condemned by general opinion. He has long since expressed his willingness to abandon the machinery and the special provisions of the Irish Government Bill, and he has probably no intention of reviving the Land Purchase Bill. His skill in the use of ambiguous language will be severely taxed in the enterprise of conciliating the Liberal Unionists, without at the same time alienating the Parnellites. Whatever he may propose, the Government will do well to abstain as far as possible from discussion. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL will perhaps not regret the combination of circumstances which may require him to practise the art of opportune silence. Mr. GLADSTONE's eloquence can do his adversaries no harm as long as he is liable to be outvoted. In any division the mere abstention of Lord HARTINGTON's friends from voting will be sufficient to secure the Government from defeat. If Mr. GLADSTONE were not a crafty and dangerous opponent, it would be difficult to understand how he can hope to force the hand of the Government on the question whether Parliament shall proceed to business in October or in February.

If the Irish Nationalists should, with or without an understanding between their leaders and Mr. GLADSTONE, recur to the practice of obstruction, they might cause some inconvenience, but they would at the same time seriously impair their more or less remote chances of success. Mr. GLADSTONE himself could not openly defend them after the constant and even exaggerated vehemence with which he has for some

years protested against the license of debate which is still allowed in the House of Commons. The recommendations of Lord HARTINGTON's Committee might probably have been accepted during the last Session if it had not been prematurely closed. Under the existing rules it will be possible to complete the formal business which will be exclusively undertaken. It is not impossible that Mr. PARNELL may henceforth discountenance the irritating methods by which he made himself troublesome, and even formidable. Mr. GLADSTONE has brought Home Rule within the range of practical politics, and its principal advocates may perhaps not think it advantageous to cultivate superfluous unpopularity. They have learned by the experience of the last Session that they will not be remitted to a Parliament of their own merely because they make themselves obnoxious in the English House of Commons. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and other opponents of Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill saw from the first that Separation might be accelerated by the withdrawal of the Irish members from the Imperial Parliament. Their English and Scotch colleagues would indeed find relief in the change; but if Irish constituencies were not represented in the sovereign Assembly, they would establish a plausible claim to complete legislative and administrative independence. It may be doubted whether a theoretical or constitutional anomaly greatly aggravates the mischief of Home Rule. Any kind of Irish Parliament would assume to itself powers which are absolutely incompatible with the maintenance of the Union; but for controversial purposes it was unadvisable to render the arguments of the professed Separatists conclusive.

It is possible that the threat of active and immediate opposition may be withdrawn when it is found that the Ministers are not frightened into the abandonment of a reasonable and prudent policy. They would exhibit unaccountable timidity if they yielded at the present moment to unfriendly pressure. Their majority over the only adversaries who are likely to attack them is not only sufficient in numbers, but unanimous and loyal. The several Ministers have not had time to provoke the jealousies which arise in the most homogeneous parties. On the other hand, the Opposition is discredited by its recent conduct, and especially by its failure. Any violent denunciation of Lord SALISBURY and his colleagues will be generally ascribed to disappointed ambition as well as to party prejudice. Mr. GLADSTONE easily persuaded himself that when he was last in Opposition he had treated Lord SALISBURY's Administration with justice and even with generosity. When he recommended to his rivals a suicidal advocacy of Home Rule, he undertook, if his overtures were accepted, to repeat the benevolent treatment which he believed himself to have practised to Lord SALISBURY's Eastern policy. Having since that time practised all the arts of faction against Conservative and Liberal Unionists, he will probably not for the present affect liberality or candour. His admirers are evidently prepared to applaud him for a different mode of opposition. If his intended victims had their choice, they would, perhaps, prefer the most violent hostility to an affectation of fairness and tolerance.

The form of warfare which Mr. GLADSTONE has lately preferred is suited rather to the platform than to the House of Commons. The sectional antipathies and the social animosities which he has suggested or encouraged are thus far but slightly represented in Parliament. Members with few exceptions, even when they owe their election to the favour of the multitude, themselves belong to those portions of the community which Mr. GLADSTONE holds up to envy and hatred under the name of the classes. He will, therefore, probably reserve for a more ignorant audience the doctrine that political wisdom varies inversely with the opportunities of acquiring political or general information. It is scarcely possible that his interested flattery of the working classes should leave his influence over other sections of the community wholly unimpaired. The present moment offers little encouragement to revolutionary designs. The late House of Commons rejected Mr. GLADSTONE's scheme for the disruption of the kingdom, and its decision has since been confirmed by the nation. There is reason to suppose that he will next attempt a further extension of the suffrage. The authorized programme of last autumn, and especially the change in the system of registration, will perhaps be reproduced, as the question of Home Rule must be postponed. It is fortunately not in Mr. GLADSTONE's power to carry, while he is out of office, new measures for packing the electorate in his own interest; but it is possible that he may answer Lord SALISBURY's expected declaration of policy

by a counter project of his own. He will scarcely try to force any schemes of the kind on the attention of Parliament during the short August Session; but there may be opportunities of preparing the way for agitation by appeals to the passions of the populace. Against any form of attack which a restless enemy may devise, the policy of the Government ought to be characterized by a prudent reserve. They have no need of authorized or unauthorized programmes or of gratuitous pledges. The heartburnings which may here and there have been caused during the construction of the Ministry will gradually disappear.

CRICKET.

THERE is so much cricket just now that it is difficult to see a tithe of it and not easy to keep up with the reports of the rest. The match between Surrey and the Australians at the Oval was, no doubt, the most satisfactory affair of the season to a truly patriotic spectator. The Australians were as much overmatched as if they had been an Eleven of Caithness playing the Southern county. No men could have been much more severely beaten, and the Parsees would probably have come off with no worse defeat, for against them the native team would have batted more carelessly. It is curious that Surrey, after such a display of batting, bowling, and (on the whole) of fielding should have been beaten this week by Notts. This was a victory of the weather and the wicket in the first Surrey innings, when the men who had just scored 501 against Australia could not accumulate a hundred. The cause of the Australian defeat at the Oval was probably the comparative weakness of their bowling. Mr. SPOFFORTH seems never to have recovered from the unlucky accident to his hand early in the season. Moreover in bowling his arm is many inches lower than in his old delivery. When a bowler, at his best, has used a very high delivery, and when he lowers his arm, it is a certain sign that he has "gone off," and probably means either complete or partial loss of "form." The Australians tried all their artillery against ABEL and the two READS to little effect. The former played a model innings of the obdurate kind, and the latter hit without fault, till, between them, they themselves defeated the Colonists in an innings and with plenty to spare. Mr. PALMER seems to have lost his cunning with the ball, and Mr. GIFFEN is, for the hour, both as bat and bowler, decidedly the first Australian choice. Mr. BRUCE (left-hand) bowled excellently, but with only a *succès d'estime*. Mr. BLACKHAM, the wicket-keeper, was tried. He has a curious delivery, rather low, but proved a straight and even puzzling bowler, keeping the runs down for some time. BOWLEY, LOHMANN, and JONES bowled wonderfully well for Surrey. The second Australian innings was a mere rout, but if Mr. SPOFFORTH had chosen to play a defensive game, the match might after all have been a draw. After being twice missed, once by DIVER near the boundary, and once, a hard chance, in the slips, Mr. SPOFFORTH was caught just before the third heavy storm of rain in the afternoon.

Against Kent the Australians were little more successful than against Surrey. They certainly had bad luck in bowling on a wet and easy and batting on a drying and difficult wicket. The fall of four wickets in one innings to Mr. KEMP was probably an indication of the difficulty of the ground. GEORGE HEARNE'S exploits both with bat and ball were most praiseworthy, and seem to show that he might well be tried in an England Eleven. LOHMANN, the Surrey player, justified his claim to the same honour, both in Surrey v. Australia and in the match with Notts, where he scored 30 and 46, and got several wickets. In fact, whereas England was expected to be rather weak this summer, the players are unusually strong, as is plain from the fact that ATTEWELL, JONES, G. HEARNE, and MAURICE READ have not played for England. The final England match against the Australians at the Oval has still to be played, and no Briton will be sorry to see the Colonists in their old manner of hitting and bowling. If the weather and the wicket happen to be precarious, their chance is by no means hopeless. Even as things stand, they have only lost six matches; and, when they had once got their land legs after the voyage, they had a long period of steady improvement and steady success. Possibly they have played too much cricket, possibly it has been a very hospitable season in colonial circles. Certainly there is in the colony an Eleven that could give a very good account of our visitors, and Australia has not sent her full strength.

In domestic cricket the Rugby and Marlborough match showed a good bat in Mr. BOWDEN SMITH and a fair bowler in Mr. WILSON. There was also a quaint question in cricketing metaphysics raised by the fall of Mr. KITCAT'S wicket to what was legally and philosophically a non-existent ball of Mr. BENGOUGH'S. His last over was no over at all, if the umpires had observed the rule about changing ends. But to pursue this question would be to land in difficulties like those of the Eleatic philosophy. PARMENIDES himself would have been puzzled by an over which, once begun, was technically infinite, as it could produce nothing but no balls. It is said that there is a very promising bowler at Radley; but new bowlers are like new poets, and often disappoint the critics who discover their virtues.

SHIPS AND GUNS.

THE launch of the *Orlando* is the first fruit of the wholesome agitation which forced the hand of Lord NORTHBROOK some two years or so ago. She is the first ready of the seven belted cruisers which are to be built as part of the scheme for the increase of the navy. As all the seven were begun about the same time, and were, it was understood, to be built under the same conditions or nearly so, her sister ships ought to be ready for launching very shortly. In that case the next few months will see a substantial addition made to the strength of the navy, and one agitation of our time will have done some good, as a set-off to the many which have done unmixed, and in most cases disgusting, mischief. The long account of the new cruiser given by the *Times* reads, it must be confessed, admirably; and, if a longish experience had not taught the more cautious of observers to discount those slightly enthusiastic demonstrations of the infallible excellence of every new triumph of shipbuilders' machinery, one might conclude at once that here is a craft which may be trusted to surpass any of the vessels of a similar character in the navies of Europe. Experience has, however, proved that the reality is apt to fall somewhat below the prophecy; and, if the *Orlando* turns out to be a little less perfect than she is painted, we shall not be very much surprised, and not even considerably disappointed. The essential thing is that serious progress is being made in the work of strengthening the navy. The Admiralty has been almost waked up and its Parliamentary chiefs have been convinced that cheeseparing at the expense of the navy is not on the whole a good way to gain popularity. It is an apt coincidence that just as the naval scheme drawn up a few years ago is beginning to be put into effect, the report as to the relative strength of the English and foreign navies asked for by Lord C. BERESFORD should be published. Documents of this kind are not always to be quoted with confidence. The compiler is not nearly careful enough in defining his terms, and the reader may remain in considerable doubt after reading one as to what is the exact value of all these "units of combat." Taking mere numbers as the test, and perhaps it is after all as good as another, this Report will hardly persuade anybody that the Admiralty was forced to bestir itself unnecessarily. That the English navy is stronger than any other single navy is clear enough, but that it is even yet not nearly so much superior to any possible hostile combination as it ought to be is equally undeniable. Even when the seven cruisers are finished, and the six turret-ships now in course of construction have been launched, and have been carried through the long stage which follows launching, the navy will hardly have done more than reach the point at which it is not manifestly below its proper strength.

Let it, however, be taken for granted that we have ships enough built or building, and the question still remains whether we have guns to put in them. Guns of a kind there are in abundance, no doubt, but unhappily not of the right kind. Every week adds its little to the evidence in favour of that proposition. It is either a report that a gun has burst, as in the case of the *Opal's*, or an explanation from Woolwich showing that really this or the other failure is a matter of no real importance. These official explanations are, indeed, terribly damaging, and the last, which appeared no further back than Thursday, is one of the most effective of its kind. Even the excitement stirred up by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S promotion can hardly have caused the public, as far as it takes any interest in the matter at all, to forget that all practice with the *Ajax* guns had to be suspended a short time ago because of an escape of gas and refuse powder through their axial vents. Now an officer from Woolwich

has come down, and after due examination has shown how really all this was a matter of no importance. "There is," it seems, "no question whatever of danger in this case." All that had happened was this:—"It appears the gas 'had eaten into the copper washers under the mushroom 'heads of the vent, and slightly eroded the steel of the 'gun tubes at the edges of the holes through which the 'vent bushes pass, and also the vent bushes themselves,' and much more solemn-sounding stuff of this kind. This is a matter of no account, and would not have happened if something in the way of tightening up with a spanner and lever had been done when it ought. It is curious to note how continually some elementary thing which ought to be done on board ship is not done, with disastrous consequences to these Woolwich guns. If Woolwich is in the right, the inquiry which ought to be held would not be directed to the working of the Ordnance Department, but to the general drill and efficiency of the seamen-gunners and the competence of the gunnery lieutenants. To us it seems very extraordinary that a body of officers and men who have the reputation of being zealous and efficient, and who work with the knowledge that any carelessness will be visited upon them by death and wounds, should be always neglecting to sponge, or double-charging guns, or forgetting to screw up nuts, or otherwise omitting to do something essential, and known to be essential, to their own safety. The extraordinary thing is, too, that they do not seem to be much better in the Royal Artillery. Really HER MAJESTY is desperately badly served by her gunners ashore and afloat, if not by her gunmakers. The mystical letters Q.H.B. ought to be written after the names of a great many gentlemen in some departments. Perhaps a good stringent inquiry will lead to the discovery of where they are; and, as Woolwich is absolutely immaculate, it cannot object if that inquiry begins in the Ordnance Department. The inquiry will, of course, not be a departmental one, nor yet will it be an "officious" investigation conducted by the "commissioner" (whom men called reporter in days before obscenity was a popular subject) of a daily paper, who shall go to the permanent officials, ask what they think about things, and, coming back, report the same as truth.

THE TRANSATLANTIC POSTAL SERVICE.

THE present condition of the postal service between Great Britain and the United States deserves the early attention of the new POSTMASTER-GENERAL. The arrangements for sending the mails from London to New York are better than they were a year ago, but they are by no means what they ought to be. How wretched the arrangement was which existed a few months ago can be made apparent by the simple statement that all the letters and newspapers which were posted in London in the course of a whole week were often received in New York in rapid succession within a space of thirty-six hours. In other words, letters written in London on Sunday rarely arrived in New York more than thirty-six hours before letters written in London on the Saturday six days later. The many disadvantages of this arrangement need not be insisted upon, as they are sufficiently obvious. They were due to the habit of giving exclusive contracts for the carrying of the mails across the Atlantic from Great Britain to the United States to three of the chief steamship Companies, the vessels of which sailed from Liverpool three times a week. These Companies are the Inman Line, which sends out a boat every Tuesday, the White Star Line, which sends out a boat every Thursday, and the Cunard Line, which sends out a boat every Saturday. The mail steamers of these lines leave Liverpool on these days and call at Queenstown the next day to take on the London mail-bags which have been sent across the Irish Channel from Holyhead. These steamers took the mails by right of an exclusive contract, even though they might be notoriously slow, and though very fast steamers of some other line might be sailing the same day. As a matter of fact, the Tuesday's mail rarely reaches New York before Friday night, or the Thursday's mail before Saturday. The boats of the Cunard Company are new and fast, and they often deliver the Saturday's mail in New York on Sunday morning; only thirty-six hours after the Tuesday's mail, which left London four days earlier. This was the state of the Transatlantic postal service until a few months ago. There were only three mails a week from London to New York, and they were likely to

arrive out within thirty-six hours of each other. A few months ago a fourth mail was added. The three old mails went from Queenstown by the Liverpool liners. The new mail goes from Southampton by the fine ships of the North-German Lloyd Company. This mail goes on Wednesday, and it is generally delivered in New York on Thursday night—twelve or twenty-four hours before the Tuesday's mail by the Inman line. All the letters posted in England on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday still go by the Liverpool line, and generally arrive in America after the letters posted on Wednesday, and marked to go *via* Southampton. Even if a letter posted on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday is specially marked "*via* Southampton," as likely as not it is sent off in the regular Tuesday's mail, *via* Queenstown, by the Inman steamers.

The remedy for this evil is to imitate the method of despatching the mails which has been used most successfully by the American Post Office. The American Government has no exclusive contracts, and does not bind itself to send the mails by the steamers of any particular line. The Postmaster of New York makes up the European mails, and he sends them on every fast steamer which leaves New York, no matter how many they may be or how often they may sail. From London to New York there are only four mails a week. From New York to London there are always four, and often as many as eight, a week. Not only are the swift steamers of the North German Lloyd and of the Cunard Company, and the fastest boats of the Inman and White Star Companies, utilized by the American Post Office authorities, but also those "greyhounds of the Atlantic," the *City of Rome*, the *America*, the *Alaska*, the *Arizona*, which sail from Liverpool without the British mails, as they do not belong to the three favoured lines. If two fast steamers happen to leave New York on the same day, the bulk of the mail is sent by that which is reputed to be the faster; but a mail is made up also for the other, and all letters specially marked are sent by the second ship. If one steamer sails early in the morning bearing the accumulated mail of two days, and there is another sailing on a later tide in the afternoon, a second mail is made up for the later ship also. It is needless to dwell on the advantage to a merchant of being able to send duplicates of important papers by steamers sailing about the same time, thus reducing immensely the chances of a dangerous delay from unforeseen accidents. This system of despatching the mails has been worked most satisfactorily from New York. The mails leaving America on Tuesday are often in London on Thursday week; those leaving on Wednesday are generally here on Friday week; those leaving Thursday often arrive in London on Saturday; and the letters which leave New York on Saturday are nearly always here on Monday morning. We can see no reason why a similar system should not be adopted in England, or why the mails from London—the chief commercial city of the Old World—to New York—the chief commercial city of the New World—should be limited to four a week, when they might easily be at least six or eight. Nor can we discover why the three mails sent by the Liverpool liners should be sent on the steamers of three of these lines exclusively when there are often very much faster vessels belonging to other lines and sailing the same day. The money paid by the Post-Office to the Steamship Companies is not a subsidy, it is a compensation for a definite service; and if the owners of the *America* and the *City of Rome*, the *Alaska* and the *Arizona*, are able and willing to perform this service more expeditiously than the owners of the *Celtic* and the *City of Chicago*, we can see no reason why they should not be allowed to do the work and to earn the pay. It would be well also if the bulk of the Tuesday's mail from London were held over till Wednesday to go by the North-German Lloyd steamer from Bremen, as this boat, calling at Southampton on Thursday, nearly always arrives in the harbour of New York several hours before the Liverpool boat, calling at Queenstown on Wednesday.

We trust that the new POSTMASTER-GENERAL will also see his way clear to provide several needed improvements in the mail service between Queenstown and London. Especially is it desirable that there shall be some acceleration in the despatch to London of the mails received at Queenstown from America. There are, we believe, but two mails despatched from Queenstown daily, and if an American mail misses one of these by so much as a minute, it must remain there for twelve hours, until the next train is ready. Surely it is hardly worth while to strain every nerve for the

improvement of ocean engines if, after the vessel has sped across the Atlantic at the highest speed to gain a few hours, the mails may be exposed to a delay of half a day after they get to land. And the present state of affairs seems doubly inexcusable when we remember that the mail steamers are sighted at least three hours before they arrive off Queenstown, and that the Post-Office authorities there may have, therefore, full three hours' warning when an important American mail will arrive. The mail which may thus be detained for ten or twelve hours in Queenstown is often not only the whole American mail, but also the whole Australian mail which has come overland across America. We are aware that it is no easy task to remedy this unfortunate condition of affairs. An irregular mail train is a great deranger of traffic, and swift and strong steamers to cross the Irish Channel cannot be extemporized. But we do not believe that these difficulties are insurmountable, and we are sure that the result to be obtained is worthy of the utmost endeavour.

WHY NOT POLL CATS?

THE *Leeds Mercury* was once a noble periodical, but, like the horse in the saying, "if badly treated, it will not do so." The journal has been badly treated, its hopes blighted by Mr. GLADSTONE's failure to secure a majority, and now its London correspondent heralds a curious revenge. He announces that the Liberal party feel hurt by the conduct of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who appears, in some way, to have behaved unkindly to the pillar of the People's hopes. Lord RANDOLPH, in language which we regard as only too popular and too modern, repeated some sentiments of Mr. SPURGEON's about sanity and Mr. GLADSTONE's Bills. There are many verities which are not good to say, and there are many ways of saying them which had better be avoided. But the People, that ultimate umpire, appears, on the whole, not to have disapproved of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's rather astonishing rhetoric. It is the Liberal party in the House who are expected to show disapproval, but, according to the *Leeds Mercury*, they are not quite sure how to show it. One proposal is that when Lord RANDOLPH rises to speak they should get up and withdraw, like dignified senators of Rome, from the polluted Chamber. Clearly this would be dignified; and, if they not only go away but stay away, many patriots will respect their motives and applaud their determination. A less imposing "demonstration" is suggested. Why should not the Liberal party greet Lord RANDOLPH with cries of "Apologize!" till something happens. The struggle would be momentous. For weeks and months the great Liberal party, through the mouths of its representatives, might howl "Apologize!" For weeks and months the rigid Minister might decline to accept the suggestion. The mother of Parliaments would become the mother of bear-gardens. Besides, how is the apology to be done? Is Lord RANDOLPH to say that Mr. GLADSTONE is not "an old man in a hurry"; that he is, like the hero of LABICHE's play, "un jeune homme pressé"? Is he to deny that it is "time some one should speak out"? Or is he to deplore (as we deplore) the manner of his outspokening, as of one who should call a spade "a beastly shovel"?

Perhaps the best way of deprecating rowdiness is not to play the rowdy. If an eternity of shouts of "Apologize" is threatened, why stop there? Why should not Liberal disapproval "come to pleats," as in the case of domestic differences alluded to by a distinguished Irish character? Pea-shooters might be introduced into the House. Ancient eggs would tell with unmistakable meaning, and moral censure might be pointed by hurling deceased cats, "poll cats" as the old jest ran. It is perfectly plain that, if the amenities of the incessant general elections are to be avenged and continued in the House of Commons, the time will have come for a new PRIDGE, to use DUMAS's ingenious combination of Colonel PRIDE's name with his celebrated remedy for legislative disorders. The country, whatever may be meant by that convenient noun of multitude, cannot desire to have time wasted in Parliamentary pedestrianism and protracted howls. Perhaps the Liberal party, on consideration, may determine not to make the British Parliament a bad example to Vestries, to French Assemblies, and to the youthful Legislatures of Bolivia and Paraguay.

ENGLAND AND INDIA.

AMONG the less favourable criticisms passed upon the constitution of the new Cabinet, perhaps the least obviously ill founded and partisan at first sight is the demur to Sir RICHARD CROSS as Indian Secretary. It is true that the unquestionable falling off in Sir RICHARD CROSS's merits as a Minister which was observable during his last tenure of the Home Office does not necessarily prove him a bad Indian Secretary. The matters which a Home Secretary has to do with are very much in the public eye; they touch interests which are close to every one; and, more especially, they have to be dealt with immediately as they occur, with little possibility of foreseeing them, and with instant penalties on a foolish or weak step. The Indian policy of Great Britain is, on the contrary, or ought to be, a great and continuous whole, in which the entirely unexpected can hardly happen, and in which steady and deliberate preparing for emergencies is much more the point of importance than bold and shrewd dealing with those emergencies when they arise. A very good strategist might make a very bad policeman; and the work of an Indian Secretary is of the former kind; that of a Home Secretary, of the latter. At the same time it is not to be denied that Sir RICHARD CROSS succeeds to the control of the greatest dominion, not a sovereign power, in the world in a far from easy conjuncture of circumstances. In what may be called the home policy of the Indian Empire, besides minor matters which are always with an Indian administrator, there is the silver question, which, much as doctors differ about its precise effects, must affect India for good or for ill very deeply. There is the always increasing though constantly staved off problem of the protected and semi-independent native States; and there is the dangerous leaven introduced by Lord RIPON and Mr. ILBERT, the latter of whom, we are glad to see, is about to follow the former into a position better suited to a *fruit sec* of the University than the management of a great Empire. But Indian home policy must, thanks to the general excellence of the English Civil Service in India, always be a matter of much less concern than Indian foreign policy. The immense organization of the Civil Service and its admirable traditions secure its good working, unless its chiefs expend a Riponesque and Ilbertesque faculty of mismanagement in thwarting its efforts. The policy of the country towards its neighbours is directly and almost wholly in the hands of those chiefs, and political and military officers are little more than instruments who at one moment may be charged to make a beneficial advance and at another a ruinous retreat.

India has two neighbours, and now hardly more than two, with whom her relations are momentous; and these two, north-west and north-east of her respectively, are Russia and China; while due north she is, if not protected, at any rate surrounded by a belt of semi-independent territory. Speaking generally, an Indian administrator's business is to keep on friendly relations with China and to prepare as best he can for unfriendly relations with Russia. Of the attempts recently made and necessitated by the events in Burmah to confirm and strengthen the understanding with China we have said something already, and we have seen no reason whatever to alter our opinion. The persons who can talk about "an intolerable indignity" and "an ineffable humiliation" in the acceptance by Great Britain of the Chinese claim to a formal suzerainty over Burmah must, we venture to think, have lost all sense of political proportion. It would be an intolerable indignity for England to make any such recognition towards Russia or Austria, towards Germany or France or the United States. It might be unwise to accept such an arrangement with Italy or Spain. But with Powers like Turkey and China the very idea of indignity or humiliation does not enter into the question. It pleases them, and it does not hurt us; their historical standing and their present actual power entitle them to respectful treatment, while such a sign of respectful treatment as a continuance of tribute on taking over their dependencies can only be regarded as a humiliation to England by those who have absolutely no notion of what England is. Of the importance of the concessions obtained from the Chinese themselves opinions may differ, and only time can show what it really is. It is certainly very desirable that Indian trade should find every legitimate expansion, and if the countermanding of the Thibet mission prevents the opening of Thibet for such expansion, it is very much to be regretted. But it is pretty certain that the ill will caused in China by forcing the mission upon her would, both

directly and indirectly, have been of more damage than the trade could have been of value. The importance of China as a friend may be variously estimated, the probable tendency being rather to under- than to over-valuation. But to make her an enemy can do us no conceivable good, and may do very great harm. That the French are dissatisfied with our last Chinese Convention is itself a high tribute to its usefulness to England. For the present we have nothing to do on this side but to check foreign encroachments in Siam, and to settle Burmah, the last a considerable task upon which Sir RICHARD CROSS will do well to bestow his best attention.

In the other direction it is not Jingoism nor Chauvinism, it is common sense, which asserts that the duty of an English statesman responsible for India reduces itself pretty simply to preparation for war. Not, be it observed, for a war of aggression, but for a war of that kind of defence which busies itself as much with hitting back as with mere parrying. There may possibly come a time when Russian habits and Russian policy will have so changed that English watchfulness of both will be nothing more than the watchfulness exhibited towards each other by any two Powers in Europe who, though on good terms, march together. That time is most assuredly not yet. The completion of the Merv railway is not hailed with satisfaction in Russia from the same motives as those which make the opening of a new tourist line satisfactory—indeed, tourists have been most politely warned off it. The grumbling which is heard in Russian journals about Colonel LOCKHART'S mission to the regions of the Upper Oxus, and about the relations of Badakhshan to the AMEER, is the grumbling, not of a man who is afraid of being attacked himself, but of a man who sees his neighbour strengthening his own position. The various chicanes, from that of Penjdeh downwards, which have delayed the progress of the settlement of the Afghan frontier are not mere attempts to post a landmark advantageously; they are all directed, and perfectly well known to be directed, towards the object of securing the best possible basis for an attack on India. The attitude indicated for England by their proceedings is very plain. The time is long passed when we could hold Bruin at arm's-length. It could have been done, and done easily, twenty, twelve, or even six years ago; it cannot be done now. And the railway having been made is in one sense even a kind of advantage for England. Accounts, indeed, differ very much as to its actual serviceableness for the transport of large bodies of troops. But this is only a question of the precise extent to which the route from Moscow to Merv and Herat is shortened. At the least it must be an extent which puts finally out of the question the possibility of defending India from England, in the first place, against a Russian attack. That is to say, it makes the necessity of arranging Indian defence upon an Indian bottom plain to the very dullest person. The military authorities in India know this perfectly well, and have long known it; it is thanks to Russia that the "backward policy" which many civilians and a few soldiers long maintained is now hardly heard of. The English outposts on the south of Afghanistan will soon be connected with their base by communications probably much more trustworthy—certainly much shorter—than those which connect the Russian outposts on the north with any base equally capable of affording a sure foundation. What remains is to keep this system of aggressive defence in full working order, and to exercise the most rigid watchfulness in preventing what is now in the military sense the bulwark of India, that is to say, Afghanistan, and its dependencies north-eastward, from being encroached upon or tampered with by Russia. It is, indeed, not improbable that Lord SALISBURY'S accession to power with a strong Parliamentary following will cause a temporary cessation of the hostile, or at least dubious, proceedings in which Russia has been indulging for some months past. But the most, perhaps the only, really formidable characteristic of that power is the unhesitating, unrelenting deliberation of her advances, which may be postponed, but are never relinquished. What an Indian Secretary has before all things to remember is that he has to encourage the authorities in India, while they are well disposed; to spur them on if they become indisposed; to maintain a resistance as vigilant, as dogged, and as rapid in dealing counterblows as the Russian enterprise to which it is opposed.

THE DETECTION OF CRIME.

TWO cases tried this week, which have not otherwise much in common, strikingly illustrate from different sides the difficulties and dangers of criminal investigations. The first, and by far the most serious, came before the Recorder of London at the Old Bailey. The conviction of WILLIAM TRANTER for perjury was in itself most satisfactory, and his sentence of five years' penal servitude was certainly not in excess of his deserts, if, indeed, it was adequate to them. But, unfortunately, the hypothesis of TRANTER'S guilt, which is the only "working" one, involves the innocence of a man called CLEARY, who was sent to prison for twelve months on TRANTER'S testimony, and actually served three of them. It was the remarkable privilege of Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS to preside both over the supposed demonstration of CLEARY'S guilt and the undoubted proof of his innocence. Now, Sir THOMAS has had more experience of criminal trials than any judge upon the Bench, and though, of course, the jury were responsible for finding CLEARY guilty, it is well known that, if a judge does not approve of a verdict against the prisoner, he can almost always obtain a pardon, or a remission of the penalty. No reasonable man, indeed, can doubt that every year a certain, it may be hoped not a very large, number of innocent people are convicted, and convicted upon evidence which, on the face of it, looks conclusive. Take this instance of TRANTER and CLEARY. TRANTER swore that, while he was watching a fire in Aldersgate Street, he saw CLEARY'S hands crossing his overcoat, that he then missed his watch, and that he noticed the chain hanging down, broken. The watch was a gold one, it was worth twenty pounds, and it had been presented to Mr. TRANTER, senior, in recognition of his services as manager of a colliery. On this plain statement CLEARY was first committed for trial and finally convicted. There was no doubt a strange absence of corroboration for the prosecutor's story. But, on the other hand, there seemed to be no motive for his perjury himself to get a stranger punished, and unfortunately the jury believed him. It was, indeed, only the accident of TRANTER being arrested on another charge which led to further inquiry, and the consequent release of CLEARY by order of the Home Secretary. It then appeared that TRANTER had no watch, and therefore CLEARY could not have stolen it. TRANTER was, indeed, in great straits for money; and he knew that, if he procured CLEARY'S committal, and gave evidence against him, he would be allowed so much a day for expenses, a sum which he sought to supplement by alleging that he had been down to Gloucestershire to bury his father. His father, however, is alive and well, though he was never presented with a watch, and gave evidence against his hopeful son at the Old Bailey. It seems strange that TRANTER'S story should have obtained such easy credence, especially as he failed to produce his companion, who he said was with him at the fire. But there is a good deal of business to do at the Old Bailey, and prisoners undefended by counsel do not always know what questions to ask. It was TALFOURD, if we remember rightly, who cited as two emblems of haste a rhinoceros plunging through a sugar plantation, and a Common Serjeant tearing his way at the Old Bailey through a paper of petty larcenies. We have abolished the distinction between grand and petty larceny. But we cannot prevent raw haste from being what the poet calls her, half-sister to delay, as well as first cousin to still worse things. To accept a glib story like TRANTER'S without the slightest vestige of external support shows an almost immoral facility of belief. BENTHAM said that there was a faint mathematical probability of any given statement being true. This hardly invalidates the Greek caution to "remember to disbelieve."

The other case to which we have referred was a civil action, and one of a rather uncommon kind. It was brought by a pawnbroker's assistant against certain justices of Essex to recover the amount of the reward offered by them for the apprehension of the murderers of Inspector SIMMONS. The defence was that the plaintiff was not the person who gave the information. The jury had a difficulty in agreeing, and the parties consented to take the verdict of the majority, which was in favour of the plaintiff, for the sum claimed—namely, two hundred and fifty pounds. The details were not interesting, but Mr. Justice DENMAN, in summing up, took the opportunity to condemn the whole system of rewards. The question has been much discussed, and it is understood that the opinion of the Home Office, which may of course be modified or set aside by Mr. MATTHEWS, is in accordance with Mr. Justice

DENMAN'S. Magistrates are independent, and free to do as they please. It would not, we suppose, be contested that there have been crimes, especially in Ireland, which were discovered solely or mainly by means of bribes paid to informers. The business may be a disgusting one, and yet have to be done. But the public offer of a reward is a different thing; and, whatever other advantages or drawbacks it may have, it is undoubtedly a frightful incentive to perjury. Moreover, it sanctions the very unsound view that a man ought to be paid at an extravagant and exorbitant rate for doing his plain duty to society. In the present instance, the plaintiff seems to have absorbed the whole of the reward, and all other persons who assisted the police are shut out. The evidence tends to show that the police would have arrested the murderer without any reward at all, and it is but a poor compliment to the plaintiff to think otherwise.

THE HEIDELBERG CELEBRATION.

THE celebration of the five-hundredth birthday of the University of Heidelberg appears to have gone off with all possible success; but we hope that it will not be accounted any disparagement of a venerable and famous foundation if we say that the political interest of the ceremony eclipsed the academical. This, no doubt, was inevitable. The history of the beautiful town on the Neckar has been such as to surround an occasion like the present with associations derived rather from the world of politics and action than from that of literature and science. Professor FREEMAN has long resented and denounced the popular error which attributes to the University of Oxford an antiquity greater than that of its town; but the error, like others combated by the same distinguished authority, continues to flourish vigorously notwithstanding. It is as natural that the case should be so with Oxford as that with Heidelberg it should be the reverse. To everybody but the antiquarian Oxford is its University; but the ordinary German need not be an antiquarian—he requires but the most general knowledge of his country's history to think of many events and persons in connexion with Heidelberg before his thoughts revert to the foundation of its University or the men of learning whom it has reared. This aspect of the matter was brought into peculiar prominence at the recent celebration. Excellent as was the spirit in which it was conducted, and genial as was the sentiment which animated all who took part in it, it is impossible to read the accounts of the scene without feeling as if one were assisting at a distinctly political function. The admirable tact and taste of the French representative's address came in, for instance, for general commendation; but what procured him his chief credit, what indeed it was which rendered tact and taste so essential to the success of his performance, was the simple fact that he was a Frenchman, and that he was delivering an address of congratulation in Heidelberg. Even a well-affected reporter who bestows cordial praise upon it cannot refrain from remarking quite casually and pleasantly that, "if there is any place more than another on which the French have set the 'indelible stamp of their interfering and destructive spirit,' it is the place in which the President of the French Institute was at that moment elegantly perorating. So again with the Pope's present of the splendid Catalogue of the Heidelberg manuscripts now in the Vatican Library. It was very nice of LEO XIII. to send it; but, after all, he keeps the priceless treasures themselves; and were not these simply so much 'loot' of TILLY's despatched by him after the sack of Heidelberg as a gift to his Holiness of that day? A ceremony which is continually suggesting reflections of this kind, and the reports of which are further seasoned by allusion to the shattered ruins of the Schloss, with its huge blown-up tower indebted for its present picturesque to French gunpowder, is just a little too political, perhaps, in its associations to allow the mind to dwell exclusively on the progress of German and European learning, and of Heidelberg's contribution thereto. The *cinis dolosus* is just a trifle too thin, we feel, to permit us to walk quite comfortably over the hidden fires.

For the rest, the better accounts of the celebration depict a very interesting and at times even touching scene. There is a quaint mixture about it of a mediæval romance and modern Teutonic naïveté which is curiously captivating, and which vividly recalls the satirically admiring paradox of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD's famous apostrophe to Germany. Nowhere, certainly, save in that country could the peculiar

combination of extravagant gaiety with the most formidable seriousness which marked these festivities have been displayed. Here an ex-student of eighty carried about on their shoulders by the Burschen of to-day; there Professor KUNO FISCHER discoursing for three mortal hours to the Rector Magnificentissimus, and, we hope, Patientissimus, on the history of the University. Then the convivialities appear to have been most successfully arranged, and there must be many among us who will own that, if they had but been present to see a Dutch Professor fall headlong from a table on to which he had clambered, a *conviva satur*, to deliver a speech to the assembled banqueters, they would have felt that Fate could not harm them, and that they had not lived in vain.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION ON THE CONTINENT.

IT is an article of belief with many good people, largely by Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD's own fault, that they teach much better abroad, and so there was an obvious propriety in sending Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD to see how much better they teach. He went, and spent eleven weeks in inquiring—for the most part in Prussia—and has reported on what he saw. For that large body of good people who hold the touching faith that a knowledge of the three R's is the cure for all human vice and wrong his Report will have an engrossing interest. There are a few of us left who doubt whether a knowledge of reading is of any particular good to a reading public, which never seems to be so conscious of the value of its knowledge as when it has a good, sensational, and exceptionally indecent divorce suit to read about. But these are obscurantist notions, and all good men are bound to be convinced that the power to read brings with it a love of wholesome reading. That being so, and the foreigner having demonstrated it, as he notoriously has, the thing is to see how he has done it, and why. Therefore, Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD was sent abroad to inquire.

It is a melancholy fact that his Report seems to throw uncommonly little light on this great question. If we had to state what is the general impression produced by his Report we should feel constrained to say it is that things are pretty much the same everywhere. In Prussia, for instance, which, as every enlightened friend of education knows, won the battles of Sadowa and Sedan by the help of the three R's, there is a confusion of system which would do honour to our own wonderful Local Government. The law, as contained in the Constitution, seems to make primary education gratuitous and compulsory. As a matter of fact, however, it is so only in Berlin, which is rich. Elsewhere the communes are too poor to bear the burden, and the State declines to help. Consequently, outside of the capital it is a universal practice to demand fees. We take it that as a natural consequence the children of parents who cannot pay do not get educated, as it is called, and yet the battles of Sadowa and Sedan were won. In Saxony fees are generally demanded. In Bavaria it is the rule that they are. Switzerland, again, gives free education, but the parents have to supply school books. France has taken a great step forward in these days. It has gone all the way to an expenditure of ninety millions of francs a year, and though Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD does not say so, has materially added to its now permanent deficit by lavish outlay on schools in which it trains thousands of children to read, who will never use their knowledge again, or will use it only to read obscenity, to the great and manifest advantage of their manners and morals. On the great question of gratuitous education, Mr. ARNOLD himself speaks with a certain vagueness. He is of opinion that a great deal is to be said on both sides, but as a mere matter of argument he is inclined to think that the balance is in favour of the system of demanding fees. Then he proceeds to show that it cannot be settled by mere argument, but must be influenced by political considerations, after the manner of the politics of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD. Interpreting his words a little, his judgment amounts to this. If education is not made gratuitous, a great many very silly people will probably talk blatant nonsense about the endowments of Westminster and Eton. Now, as this blatant nonsense may disturb the nerves of some not very courageous people, let us tax the whole community for the purpose of silencing those fools. For our part, we object to paying taxes in order that fools may be bribed not to talk according to their folly. We do not see where the practice is going to end, and have a suspicion that surrender in this sort may make our old friend

the fool proud in his own conceit, whereby he will turn upon the whole community and rend it. There is a fine cynicism in Mr. ARNOLD's obvious conviction that the business of governing mankind must be carried on with a continual attention to the fool; but it does not follow that the safest way of dealing with him is always to yield to him. On the question, surely not subordinate or unimportant, whether gratuitous education is as good as schooling which is paid for, the only pieces of evidence cited are wholly in support of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD's conclusions when he is speaking as a reasoning being, and totally against his deductions when he is dealing with those uncongenial matters—political considerations. Dr. BORNEMANN, of Saxony, being questioned on the point, answered with excellent good sense that children who have no means of preparing at home cannot learn so well as those who have; and therefore, if the former must be admitted, which is the case with a system of compulsory gratuitous education, the whole system of education must be brought down to their level. In Nuremberg the experience of the authorities is that schools where all pay are best; schools in which some pay are next best; schools where none pay are not even good. That is pretty much what might have been expected. Now, after listening to Dr. BORNEMANN, and hearing of the experience of Nuremberg, the question we ask ourselves is this—Is it worth while to lower a whole system of national education and increase taxes in order to shut the mouths of silly spouters talking nonsense about the endowments of the public schools? We think not. Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD says Yes. We think Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD has far too great a regard for fools.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

THE innate frankness of the Irish character is not only an engaging but a politically valuable quality of that people. It is their inability to keep a secret which so largely contributes to making them, according to the well-known saying, even worse rebels than they are subjects; and it is this same passion for self-disclosure which is apt to mar the effect of their most carefully elaborated theatricalities of political agitation. Nothing, for instance, could be more amusingly and, so far as England is concerned, obligingly candid than the remarks of one of the Nationalist journals on the demonstration which took place the other day at the departure of the late Lord-Lieutenant. "To adequately recognize the personal qualities of Lord and Lady ABERDEEN," writes this voluntary courtier of the Palace of Truth, "it would not have been necessary to do a tithe of what was done yesterday; but the people, appreciating that Lord ABERDEEN came as a herald of peace, and finding that message withdrawn, resolved that he should bear with him from the Irish democracy an assurance that they are ready to clasp hands in friendship with the democracy of Great Britain." Exactly. In other words, the enthusiastic *fête* of the retiring Viceroy, if, according to the popular phrase, it is "one for Lord ABERDEEN," is also distinctly meant as "two for" the new Parliament and the constituencies whose decision it represents. Of course this does not detract, so far as it goes, from the social achievements of Lord and Lady ABERDEEN. No doubt they have aimed at and been unusually successful in attaining that object which every Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and his wife (the latter almost more perhaps than the former) are bound to strive after—the conciliation, namely, of an impressionable people by the exercise of all those arts which smooth the intercourse of individuals in private life. To this success, however, one-tenth part only, we are told, of the recent demonstration testifies; while the other nine-tenths, as explained on the same authority, represent, not the spontaneous expression of goodwill towards the departing Governor, but the assurance of the Irish democracy that "they are ready to clasp hands," &c. Criticism is almost disarmed by the touching *naïveté* of such an admission as this. For obviously it disposes altogether of the only purpose which from the Nationalist point of view the demonstration could be supposed to serve. What it was intended to convey, of course, was this:—"See how loyal we should be if only our claims were conceded." What they now admit it to mean was simply this:—"See how enthusiastically we can *fête* a Nationalist Lord-Lieutenant as a protest against our demands being refused." This latter may be a very legitimate expression of opinion, but it is clearly of quite a different import from the former. It

relates wholly to the past, and offers no sort of promise for the future. Nor after the candid revelations of the Nationalist press is there any excuse for Englishmen falling victims to the histrionic illusion of the scene. An audience, indeed, has never been so honourably taken into the confidence of the actors since Master NICHOLAS BOTTOM coached the impersonator of the Lion in the lamentable drama of "Pyramus and Thisbe."

It is unnecessary, however, to spend any more time over the Dublin performance. If it meant ten times more than it appeared to mean, instead of, as its organizers admit, but one-tenth part as much, it would not for a moment justify optimistic views of the condition of Ireland as a whole. Belfast in the North, and the counties of Cork and Kerry in the South, reveal a state of things from which no crowds of cheering holiday-makers in the streets of a capital ought to divert our attention. Such an incident as the verdict in the Drimoleague murder case, on which we commented the other day, has a significance greater than many complimentary addresses; and the result of the case of MALONE v. the KNIGHT of GLIN, in which an Irish parish priest sued the defendant for an alleged libel contained in certain comments on the plaintiff's conduct in presiding at a National League meeting, is a precisely analogous, if a less shocking, piece of evidence to the same state of things. The reverend gentleman had, it was proved, taken the chair at one of the League's meetings of the usual sort, where the usual inflammatory language was employed on the platform and responded to by the usual truculent cries from the mob. And though it was quite evident, from the admissions of the plaintiff and other priests, that the KNIGHT of GLIN was distinctly held up by the speakers to the execration of the people, and though on the following night a series of sickeningly inhuman outrages were committed on cattle in the possession of one of the KNIGHT's tenants, yet a Cork jury adjudged the defendant to pay 50*l.* for having commented on this sequence of events, with the remark that the outrages followed upon a National League meeting which was presided over by three Roman Catholic clergymen "who delivered the usual style of address with which these ministers of religion instruct and admonish their flocks." When juries return such verdicts as this in the relatively less important department of civil procedure, we can understand how their sympathies are likely to bias them when life is at stake in a criminal trial. At Belfast we see the obverse of the medal, and just as six months of permitted anarchy have again demoralized the Catholic and Nationalist population, so also have six months of justly aroused suspicion exasperated and embittered the Protestant people of the North. It is no purpose of ours to attempt to harmonize the conflicting statements which reach us alternately from one religious party and the other with reference to the renewal of the Belfast riots. The attempt, indeed, is not worth the trouble. It is, as it has always been, a mere "toss-up" whether the Protestant or the Catholic begins the fray in that city of strife. Whichever party begins it, the other does its best to give its opponents as good as they bring, and if the Protestant succeeds, as he generally does, in somewhat bettering the compliment in his return of it, that, after all, is only the history of Ireland in little. Whichever actually began it in the present instance, we are quite willing to admit that it is the continued and more serious violence of the Protestants which now constitutes the source of danger. Steps, no doubt, have been taken on the side of authority which have not contributed to consentient action for the preservation of peace. It was a mistake, we think, on the part of the Executive to "proclaim" Belfast without any consultation with its municipal officers; but this is comparatively a minor matter. There is not the least doubt that, however much energy and union might have been displayed in the last resort by all concerned in the maintenance of order, this latest outbreak of turbulence would in any case have been a very difficult matter to deal with.

What makes it exceptionally so in the present instance is the grave fact, which no amount of Parnellite declamation can get over, that the Protestants of Belfast for the first time, so far as we are aware, in the history of that community have lost confidence in the neutrality of their Executive and police. Nothing can be plainer, even from the most highly-coloured Catholic accounts of the riots, than that the animosity of the Protestants was exerted more violently against the police. This is a new and truly ominous feature in Irish disturbances, and its sinister import is increased rather than diminished by the fact remarked

upon with so singular a complacency by the Nationalist press, that this dangerous state of public feeling owes nothing of its vehemence to sectarian hatred. "It was the country police," observes the *Freeman's Journal*, who got the name of "MORLEY'S murderers" from the mob during the riots of June and July; but the constables who were engaged in quelling the riots of the present week belonged exclusively to the town force, of which two-thirds are Protestants. "MORLEY'S murderers," therefore, may belong, in the opinion of the "Orange journals," to either of the two religions, whence it follows, this critic, we suppose, intends to argue, that Protestant complaints of the violence and provocative conduct of the constabulary must be groundless. Possibly they may be; but that is, to our thinking, the fact of least importance in the case. The question is not so much whether the Belfast police are or are not the strictly neutral and dispassionate guardians of public order which every police should be, but whether, and to what extent, and for what reasons, a contrary opinion has got possession of the minds of the Loyalists of Belfast. To point out triumphantly that the constabulary whom they so vehemently suspect and distrust are as often Protestant as not argues no very comprehensive grasp of the situation. Such a phenomenon would simply tend to show that the suspicion and distrust aforesaid fill so large a space in the minds of the Loyalists as to leave no room for their ordinary religious prepossessions. A policeman has obviously come to be regarded by them as a Nationalist functionary first, and a Catholic or a Protestant, as the case may be, afterwards. It is, in their opinion, the agent—even perhaps the *agent provocateur*—of a Government which was doing its best a month or two ago to transfer their allegiance and obedience, against their will, from the British Crown and the Imperial Parliament to a projected Executive and Legislature selected from the ranks of the National League; and as such they suspect him of being ready, like most instruments of the same order, to better the open or secret instructions of his master. This is a pretty conviction to have succeeded in instilling in the minds of a whole community during a few months' tenure of office, but no less an achievement is it which the late Prime Minister and his Irish Secretary have between them managed to perform.

BEGINNING AT ONCE.

EVEN the formal proceedings, as they usually are, of the assembling of a new Parliament were not allowed to pass off without the characteristic display of a "touch of his quality" on the part of Mr. GLADSTONE. It was known that the late Prime Minister would attend in his place to second the motion for Mr. PEEL'S re-election, and it was too hastily assumed that he was actuated solely by the desire to pay a special compliment to the SPEAKER. It is not, however, the habit of the old Parliamentary hand to take part in complimentary ceremonies of this kind without some business motive of a substantial kind. We cannot but remember indeed that, when such motive has been lacking, he has contrived to absent himself from the House on ceremonial occasions, at which his assistance was not only universally expected, but was considered by most of his countrymen to be, as a matter of good taste and good feeling, imperatively required. Those, therefore, who had not forgotten the particular incident to which we refer were inclined to be somewhat sceptical of Mr. GLADSTONE'S sudden desire to testify his high personal respect for Mr. PEEL; and their scepticism turns out, on a perusal of the late Prime Minister's remarkable and unusual speech in seconding the SPEAKER'S nomination, to have been amply warranted. Sir EDWARD BIRKBECK, Mr. JACKSON, and it is needless to add, the SPEAKER himself, most carefully excluded all reference to party politics from their remarks. Mr. GLADSTONE thought fit to convert his speech into an elaborate and quite unnecessary plea for fair play towards his Irish friends. He evidently thinks that it is highly advisable for him, as joint leader with Mr. PARNELL of the Anglo-Irish Separatist party, to begin at once. He desires to put himself in evidence as soon as possible as the patron and protector of that "small party" whose "unhappy fortune" it has been to "find itself in conflict at most periods with a majority of the House, at some periods almost with the whole House, and at all periods with a very large and important part of the House." And he significantly reminded the SPEAKER that to "administer justice on behalf of a small party thus situated

"is no doubt an office of extreme delicacy and difficulty." The first re-election of Mr. PEEL was followed, it will be remembered, by a Parnellite protest. On the present occasion Mr. PARNELL appears to have waived his protest, in consideration of his English colleague addressing a friendly warning to the Chair. It does not appear to us that—except in the way of timely notice as to Mr. GLADSTONE'S intended Parliamentary attitude—we have gained much by the change.

Such timely notice, however, has its value, and we especially commend it to the attention of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, who has just told us that he, for his part, will "never despair of one with such gifts and graces as Mr. GLADSTONE," and that he should not be surprised to see the gifted and graceful one supporting a good scheme of local government for Ireland, if such a one were to be introduced by Lord SALISBURY. And truly, if Lord SALISBURY and the other eminent men, to each of whom Mr. ARNOLD has been so kindly pointing out his besetting sin, will only earnestly labour during the next few months to overcome its temptations, there is no saying what unanimity or wisdom our statesmen may arrive at. When Lord SALISBURY has repented of his "imperious and scornful treatment of popular wishes," when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has learnt "respect for the past," when Mr. GOSCHEN has acquired "sympathy with men's instinct of expansion," and Lord HARTINGTON has made himself "flexible" and "fertile," it will only remain for Mr. ARNOLD himself to become explicit, and we have no doubt that the four statesmen will be guided by the political philosopher to the construction of an ideal scheme. At present, however, it remains ideal in another and less satisfactory sense, and though Mr. ARNOLD sketches it for us in as enchanting an outline as if it were the most gracefully-formed and tenderly-tinted of summer clouds, he carefully abstains from doing more. Perhaps all public men have, he says with that large tolerance of his, "their side of weakness, and we critics, were we in public life, should show ours fast enough." This is, indeed, a disarming humility quite calculated to reduce an equally humble critic of the critics to that state of pleasing confusion described in popular language as "not knowing which way to look." How gracious of Mr. ARNOLD to admit or imply that even his own weaknesses would not be proof against his own searching analysis if he only entered public life! Even in his own case he would be able to "strike his finger on the place, and say, 'Thou ailest here' and here." That is, of course, if he were in public life. Not being so, remaining only a critic, his besetting weakness, the implication is, remains undisclosed and invisible. Probably not even Mr. ARNOLD himself has, under the guise of modest self-depreciation, ever paid himself a neater compliment.

FRANZ LISZT.

THE Abbé Liszt has only survived his memorable visit to England by a few months. Of another man in like circumstances, it might not unreasonably be suspected that the excitement of fêtes and public receptions had contributed to exhaust nature and to accelerate the end. But we must remember that such experience involved more of the pleasures than the penalties of greatness for a man of Liszt's temperament. Homage was a vital necessity to him. Even in the last year of a long and eventful life the overflowing measure offered to Liszt was tonic and restorative in its effects, rather than a draught of fateful import. We know that the great pianist, before leaving England, expressed the keenest appreciation of the enthusiasm that everywhere greeted him, and indulged in the cheerful anticipation of another visit in the coming spring. The projected journey to Russia was also freely discussed. There was nothing, apparently, save his seventy-five years, to discountenance this agreeable optimism. All through the summer, however, rumours of failing health and even of alarming illness were circulated, only to be partly contradicted by Liszt's intimate friends. Though there had been some uncertainty as to the composer's condition, the intelligence of his death at Bayreuth on Saturday last was not generally expected, and in London was something of a surprise. There is a peculiar fitness in the friend and benefactor of Wagner breathing his last in Bayreuth, himself the most illustrious and honoured, the most earnest and loyal of all the pilgrims gathered together last week to offer the annual tribute at the shrine of Wagner. If the details reported of Liszt's death are not mere sensational gossip, there is something not unaffecting in their testimony to the pianist's unabated devotion to Wagner. His last public appearance was at the opening performance of *Tristan und Isolde* in the Bayreuth theatre, and the last utterance caught from his failing breath was the solitary exclamation "Tristan!" By his decease in Bayreuth that not very attractive

town is invested with a new and potent interest, and the association of the names of Wagner and Liszt is appropriately completed. There are many who think that Liszt's services to music may be identified with Wagner's obligations to Liszt; and, though this view expresses an excessive estimate of Wagner's early operas, it would be difficult to overrate the importance and value of Liszt's recognition of Wagner. Like Berlioz, Liszt was early attracted to Wagner's works, and, unlike Berlioz, his faith in the genius of Wagner strengthened with every fresh development of that master's progress. His recognition of Wagner was the more notable because it took a practical form at a very critical moment in the fortunes of the composer. If *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* had not been produced by Liszt at the Court Theatre at Weimar and supported by the prestige of his name, there is no doubt that the advance of Wagner in the world of music must have been considerably retarded. The death of Liszt may well have suggested to the Wagnerian enthusiasts at Bayreuth some not unprofitable speculation in this direction.

The story of Liszt's life reveals an almost unbroken sequence of artistic and social successes. At twelve years of age he made his first public appearance in Vienna, at fourteen he wrote an operetta, and he was barely sixteen when he paid his first visit to London. In these early years he made numerous tours, accompanied by his father, and seems everywhere to have excited immense curiosity and enthusiasm. Even when a boy he displayed much of the attractive power which he subsequently exercised with more or less conscious art. His career up to his appointment at Weimar was a veritable triumphal progress. The interest he evoked cannot be wholly attributed to his fame as a pianist. The popular reception he received in England last spring wherever he appeared—in concert-rooms, or streets, or railway-stations—was strangely unlike the staid or indifferent attitude the people commonly assume towards distinguished artists. It enabled us to realize the demonstrations of more susceptible races, the shouting crowds that attended every step of the virtuoso in Pesh, the not less lively homage of the Viennese, and the curious constancy of the more fickle Parisians. The interest aroused by Liszt's very presence, apart from all consideration of his achievements as a pianist, cannot be wholly traced to the fact that he was a great actor as well as a great artist. Nor can all the tradition and anecdote of which he is the magnetic centre supply a perfect clue to the fundamental source of his remarkable influence. George Sand and Chopin, Berlioz and Hiller, Wagner and Heine—persons of the most diverse temperaments—have acknowledged his sway. Every one who saw Liszt in England last April, though for the first time, learned somewhat of the secret of his indefinable magnetism, or was conscious of the presence of a striking personality; and no one who heard his interpretation of Chopin's "Chant Polonais" at the Academy concert can forget how completely that revelation of art and individualism justified all that has been written or reported of his supremacy among pianists. Of his music posterity will, perhaps, not ratify the favourable opinion of his more ardent disciples. Two of his symphonic compositions, the "Mazeppa" and "Les Préludes," are brilliant examples of tone painting; and his oratorios and masses must always possess a certain interest for students of music. The fame of the virtuoso is necessarily more transitory than that of the composer, though in the case of Liszt they are scarcely divisible. The forces of literature are on his side, and will be even when his technical accomplishment is no longer a memory. He will live in the pages of memoirs, the chronicles of art, criticism, and history, and in that vague environment will continue to fascinate the susceptible reader. His biography should be one of the most entertaining of books; his autobiography—did it exist—might prove something better than the book of the season.

RED FEVER AND BLUE AGUE.

WE commented last week on some Radicals who seem to have taken their defeat not in the most perfect manner; and we are very glad to see that considerable improvement has to be noted in those quarters. Elsewhere they have taken it in various ways. Men are supposed when they meet with misfortunes to cast about for some method of reducing expenditure, and the wicked say that subscriptions are usually chosen as the first subject of retrenchment. Mr. Gladstone does not appear to have reduced his subscriptions; but he has cut off his private secretaries, intends to forswear postcards, and to live either "in or beyond this country" (a phrase of mystery suggestive of fearful possibilities), holding as little communication with the postman as may be. This is his manner of making things snug in severe weather, and it will hardly be denied that his state is the more gracious. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, in the gaiety of his heart, calls the Liberal Unionists "Union-Jacks," and it appears to be thought in temperance circles that this is a joke. Also, according to veracious or unveracious testimony, the said Sir Wilfrid promotes local option by deciding in his capacity as magistrate that the unhappy people of Cumberland shall by no means locally opt, but, on the contrary, shall be deprived of the possibility of option. That is the way he takes it. Mr. Alderman Cook is singing *Donec gratus eram* with Mr. Chamberlain, in the hope apparently that the Right Honourable Chloë Matthews will be very much *planté là* shortly.

All these persons appear to be in reasonably good spirits and feather.

But there is one distinguished Gladstonian who refuses to be consoled, and meditates the most desperate actions. This is how the senior member for Northampton, in the curious fashion in which he usually expresses, or is supposed to express, his sentiments, despairs of his country and announces his imitation of, or at least his doubt about imitating, the conduct of the Phœceans:—"The Radical cause will never prevail until we have a Radical programme. An alliance with the Whigs weakens and emasculates us. The Conservative working-man is the result of the working-man's contempt for our not being Radical enough to suit him. We have lost many counties because we had no plan to put an end to the vile land laws, that make the agricultural labourers the slaves of the squire, the farmer, and the parson, and because 'the cow and the three acres' has led to nothing. When I think that the Radicals are in a majority in the country, and I see year after year pass by without the hideous abuses and injustices that are rife being swept away, root and branch, I am utterly disgusted with politics, and I feel inclined to take passage in the first ship that sails to America. Now, the Irish problem stops the way; and it will stop the way for many a day unless Radicals agree to settle it in accordance with the views of the majority of Radicals. Any Radical who declines to do this ought never again to receive one Radical vote. Let us settle it on lines satisfactory to the Irish, and then let us proceed to wage war to the knife against the privileged classes amongst us. For my part, so vital do I consider our cause that I would aid to hang my best friend, or to reward my bitterest enemy, if I thought by doing so I could advance it one step." Now this is really very interesting. Mr. Labouchère is a person who does not generally lose his head; but his agony appears to have produced that effect on him in this particular instance. "An alliance with the Whigs weakens and emasculates us," says he. Now a good many things have been said about the late elections; but the description of them as an alliance between Mr. Labouchère's party and the Whigs is certainly quite new and original. The Whigs, from Lord Hartington to Mr. Heneage, have undoubtedly done a good deal to emasculate Mr. Labouchère and his friends, performing the operation indeed in a manner which all students of the party lists of the present Parliament know; but it was hardly, we thought, by alliance with them. That is slip number one. Slip number two is the confession about the Conservative working-man. So, then, that myth, that invention, that figment does exist after all, does he? Apparently he must exist in considerable numbers, but at the same time must be a very odd sort of person. He doesn't think that half a loaf is better than no bread; on the contrary, he is so angry at the half loaf that he forswears bread altogether. Verily, a shallow monster! The action of the shallow monster, it seems, "has lost us many counties, because," &c. Now this doleful confession of Mr. Labouchère's is likely to awaken a fresh curiosity in inquiring minds. We have long searched the statute scriptures in vain to find that celebrated Law of Primogeniture of which Mr. Labouchère's friends are always talking—to do him justice he probably knows better himself—that wicked Act which obliges every landed proprietor to leave all his land to his eldest son, whether he likes it or not, and so forces him to quarter the rest of his family on the nation, or to see them starve. To this object of search now have to be added the "vile land laws which," &c. Where are they—those vile land laws? *WHEREAS*—what, does their preamble run? What is the penalty which is imposed by them on the wicked agricultural labourer who will not be a slave? Is there any law that decrees the establishment of the three orders Squire, Farmer, and Parson for the purpose of making slaves of the labourer? If so, what is it? The Black Act, or the Statute of Fines and Recoveries, or the writ *Quare adbasit pavimento*? All which questions are much easier to ask than to answer, for the simple reason that the phrase in our text is an absurdity. Except, perhaps, the Game Laws, there is not a single law in the statutes at large the "putting an end to" which would affect the agricultural labourer directly in any way; though no doubt, if all laws were done away with, he might have a better chance in a general "grab." Perhaps that is what Mr. Labouchère means; perhaps, also, he was only writing loosely, and really meant, not that old laws should be swept away, but that some bran-new ones should be made, which is a very different thing. But this dry argument is out of place. The particular "land laws" which are so "vile," the "hideous abuses and injustices" which grieve the soul of the righteous shall not be inquired after with that peddling minuteness which is so inconvenient to generous patriots. If the inquiry were made, it would probably be found that these tall words are only a virtuous way of expressing the fact that A has got something that B would like to have, and that for some purpose or other of his own C chooses to back B. But observe the frightful effects which the contemplation of the vile land laws produces in this champion of the people. At one moment he is utterly disgusted with politics and feels inclined to take passage in the first ship that sails for America. And very much pleased the Americans would be, no doubt, to have him, though it may be for his own comfort observed first that the vile land laws of the United States are uncommonly like the vile land laws here, except that in the points which especially concern the "slave," such as rights of way, trespass, and the power of discharging servants without notice, they are more stringent. Secondly, it may be hinted in the most delicate way in the

world that the practice of a certain kind of journalism in America, though even more exciting than in England, is apt to be attended with highly unpleasant consequences. But it will be seen that, on second thoughts, this patriot declines to imitate the *execrata civitas*, and resolves to stay at home and do the work not negligently. "Let us proceed," cries he, "to wage war to the knife with the privileged classes among us," but this, it will be said, is a metaphor. That can hardly be said of the next expression of devotion, the determination to hang a best friend (a vigorous but vicarious act of sacrifice) in order to advance the vital cause, which in that case would be rather lethal than vital to the poor best friend. This is the *Lanterne* with a vengeance! Now why do people who are supposed not to be exact dunces—who have been indeed thought clever in their time—talk in this way? Why do they talk nonsense about vile land laws, every one of which might be swept away to-morrow without benefiting the agricultural labourer one farthing, and worse nonsense about hideous abuses and injustices, which they would in the most devoted and generous manner hang their best friends in order to abate? There are some hideous abuses in Ireland certainly, and it may be that hanging some of Mr. Labouchere's best friends might have a very appreciable effect upon them. But how any man, who is not what Mr. Labouchere's worst enemies never called him, can talk of hideous abuses and injustices in the present state of England, Wales, and Scotland might, if it were supposed to be serious talk, be a little astounding.

Of course, however, it is not serious talk, but "only his f-f-f-f-un," just as the other things are Mr. Gladstone's and Sir Wilfrid Lawson's fun. Still, this particular kind of fun never seems to be developed except after or during or in immediate preparation for a general election. And it is a very awful thought that if we go on having general elections every other day and changes of Governments every other week as we have been doing lately (exaggeration is catching), there are considerable chances of these altitudes becoming chronic in the nation. Even success does not seem to be a prophylactic against them or a cure for them. Why, for instance, do the eminent Mr. Howorth and the other busybodies and *mouches du coche*, to whom the *Times* gives such singular prominence, so furiously rage about the constitution of the new Ministry? Mr. Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, tears his hair because a Roman Catholic is Home Secretary. Mr. Howorth lectures as if the soul of the defeated Mr. Arthur Arnold (who being Parliamentarily dead, yet speaketh himself also) had entered into the body of the sitting members for Salford. Mr. Howorth announces, with portentous gravity, that his writing this letter "will not estrange his good people of Salford," and he informs the world that "he knows very well the great democratic mob" (which will no doubt be much obliged to him), and he tells us that we know who are going to be Ministers "for the next two years" (Mr. Howorth, to be sure, knows all about it), and he enriches the world's stock of platitudes with much solemn stuff to the effect that "eccentricities of strong men are never a danger," that "the best men, irrespective of all other considerations, ought to be selected for the most difficult offices" (what a noble, what a novel sentiment!) and so forth. One passage—one little passage there is, indeed, which makes us half forgive Mr. Howorth. After an eloquent inquiry whether it is well to make a *Nisi Prius* lawyer a Minister, he complains pathetically of the "shadowy place" given to the "representatives of the manufacturing and commercial classes." Now Mr. Howorth, as the story of Devereux Court would say, is a representative of the manufacturing and commercial classes.

These are surely two curious examples of red fever and blue fever—or, as it is better called, blue ague—and we are ashamed to say that, on the whole, the red fever has distinctly the better of it. In the first place, it is the most amusing; for the little touch of nature just referred to in Mr. Howorth's screed does not save it from being, like most of the screeds which the inscrutable ways of Printing House Square enable him to inflict on a suffering world, a considerable bore. In the second place, there is much more excuse for it; for losers have a prescriptive right to use strong language, while winners have no right at all to grumble. Lastly, it has to be confessed that it is not nearly so satisfactory to see your own side make—well, a hare—of itself as to see the other side perform that operation.

THE END OF ELIZABETH'S NAVY.

WHEN rather more than half of his reign was passed, His Majesty King James I. was seized with a fit of reforming administrative activity. He made an honest effort to cut down his expenses, and looked into the working of what we should now call the departments, or, at least, he caused them to be looked into by persons duly instructed to discover and root out abuses. Among the other things more or less severely overhauled was the navy. Its condition was not then a subject of complaint for the first time, but until 1618 no really serious attempt had been made to amend it. Even in that year nothing might have been done if the interest of England and the interests of George Villiers had not happened to coincide for the moment. When the Commission began its work, the Earl of Nottingham, better known as Lord Howard of Effingham, was still Lord High Admiral. Now Buckingham wanted the post, and hated the Howards. If he could prove that the old Earl had misgoverned the navy, he would be able both to get the place and to injure the

rival family. He therefore threw all his influence on the side of reform, and so a courtier's intrigue did for once work towards the public good. For the Earl had, in truth, allowed that navy which he once led so gloriously to fall into a truly shameful condition. It is painful to have to acknowledge that the man who led the defence of England "when that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain," should have tolerated speculation, and protected the speculators, but so it was. Nottingham, who had succeeded the Earl of Lincoln as Lord High Admiral because he was a nobleman well liked at Court, and had been kept in his place by Elizabeth partly because his rank gained him an amount of respect from well-born volunteers which they would never have shown to "tarpaulin" admirals, was a valiant gentleman, but he was neither a seaman nor a man of business. In Elizabeth's time the actual administrative work of the navy had been mainly discharged by Sir John Hawkins, who was not only a seaman, but a large and successful shipowner. Lord Howard led it on the day of battle with the help of a good deal of advice from professional officers, and at other times did the representative work of his office with becoming dignity. In the first easy-going years of James he had everything his own way, and governed the navy with the stately carelessness of a noble who was far too great a man to attend to small matters of business. His own hands were clean, but he allowed officers whom he had appointed to rob the King very much as he would have allowed his own grooms and cooks to pilfer in his stables and kitchen. He treated every proposal for an inquiry as a personal insult dictated by the malice of his enemies at Court, in which he was not wholly in the wrong, and supported the evildoers because he had appointed them. At length the influence of Buckingham proved too strong for the old Earl. A Committee of Inquiry, consisting mainly of men of business of the stamp of Cranfield and Sir John Coke, was appointed. It sat, inquired, and published reports and proposals which are among the most interesting documents for the history of the English navy. These papers have been often referred to and quoted, but commonly in works which do not permit of any detailed treatment of naval affairs.

The Committee went methodically to work, and began by giving an account of the navy as it was under the title of "The Present State of the Navy upon the Survey taken in the month of July 1618." It is pitiable to see the condition to which fifteen years of mismanagement had reduced the admirably efficient Elizabethan navy. In point of mere numbers James's fleet rather exceeded the royal force available to fight the Armada. There were forty-two vessels in all on the list between sloops, hoys, and galleys. Out of these, however, the Commission, which was careful to take the opinion of expert witnesses, did not find one in a condition to go to sea. Twenty-three of the ships, from the *Prince Royal* of 1,200 tons down to the *Desire* of 50, were still capable of being repaired. Eleven ships and pinnaces, one ketch, and the four galleys were absolutely worthless, and were apparently kept in existence to find places for caretakers who figured on the active list. In some cases these caretakers were, it is only just to say, men who had become decrepit in the King's service, and the members of the Committee took care to recommend them as worthy of regard, though in another manner. A makeshift of this kind was perhaps inevitable when the loose organization of the navy had not yet provided a place for pensioners. What, however, was inexcusable was that the navy was growing daily weaker in spite of what for those days was a great outlay. After a careful examination of accounts, the Commissioners arrived at this conclusion:—"So the whole yearly charge of H.M. Navy that could not keep it from decay is by the rates aforesaid for all payments, excluding patentees and not valuing H.M. timber, 53,004*l.* 7*s.* 11*d.*" The statement of the reasons why all this money, equal to at least a quarter of a million of ours, and in itself a good sixth of the King's whole revenue, came to be wasted is highly interesting, firstly because of what it tells of certain practices now given up, and secondly because it contains complaints which have reappeared in every successive inquiry into the state of the navy down to the report of Admiral Graham's Committee. The defects of Government offices are, like themselves, things immortal.

Foremost among the causes of the increased cost of the navy the Commissioners point out the creation of offices unknown during the Queen's reign. The original general staff of the Admiralty had consisted of thirteen persons, beginning with the Lord High Admiral of England and ending with a master or pilot for the "blacke deepes." The total amount of their salaries was 1,491*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.*; one post, that of Lieutenant to the Admiralty, with a salary of 322*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*, "was not bestowed all Queen Elizabeth's time," so that her actual outlay to the "antient patentees" was only 1,118*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* a year. As a matter of course the holders of these offices received fees and prize-money to more than the value of their salaries. The Lord High Admiral's 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* were the smallest part of the profits of his place. Still, this was all the burden which fell directly on the revenue. Since King James's accession there had been a variety of new erections, costing in all 1,244*l.* 6*s.* Of these new officers several were paid twice over. At the head of the list was "a Captain-General of the narrow seas for his fee at x*s.* per diem, one clerk at viii*d.* and xvi*s.* servants at x*s.* per mensem, 481*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, besides 663*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.* paid to him by the Treasurer and Victualler of the Navy." At the end come "A captain and 20 soldiers in Upnor," costing 243*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, besides 182*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.* paid by the Treasurer of the Navy. This last seems moderate enough; but from another part of the report it appears that the twenty

soldiers were in reality represented by four poor neighbours, who could be got cheap; and the captain—let us hope he was a veteran of the Low Country wars—would seem to have licked his fingers like a good cook. Then there was a pleasing source of profit for captains and other gentlemen in authority known as “dead-pays.” These were not, like the dead souls of the Russian satirist, veritable sons of Adam who had once lived, but purely imaginary sailors borne on the ship’s books in order that their salaries might be drawn by the superior officers. Dead-pays are not, or at a very recent period were not, extinct in the navy, though no longer abused for the old purposes. Artificers and petty officers of various kinds are nominally allowed, and the money for them is drawn and devoted to the support of the band in large ships. This is the last remnant of a practice which in King James’s time was flourishing in such vigour that, as the Commissioners were informed, the masters of some ships, nominally fully manned, could not, after deducting servants and dead-pays, rely on the services of four effective men at a pinch. Then of late officers had become vendible according to a custom which was destined to extend considerably, and to survive in the army till the passing of Lord Cardwell’s Act. Buckingham paid his predecessor, even after driving him out of office, 3,000*l.* as “compensation for disturbance.” Of course, when a gentleman in those lax days invested his capital in the purchase of a place, he looked to make a fair profit out of it. Perfectly honourable men considered the King’s revenue as fair prize which they might pare and clip as a set-off to the money advanced to His Majesty. Accordingly, the service was preyed upon by innumerable gentlemen of the stamp of Captain To. How they made their profits is shown at some length by the Commissioners under the head of “Causes of Waste.”

At the head of these is one cause at the sight of which a certain venerable quotation about the oldness of all things under the sun immediately suggests itself. Great works are taken in hand and multitudes kept in pay, yet neither materials nor moneys (for the materials, that is) are provided. Accordingly, enough was spent in the four years from 1614 to 1617 in wages to have built eight new ships of 800 tons apiece, “as the accounts of the East Indian Company do prove,” and yet not only was no vessel built, but “all this while the King’s ships decayed, and if the *Merhonor* were repaired, she was left so imperfect, that before her finishing she begins again to decay.” Change the name, and concerning how many ironclads might this fable be narrated? Second cause—Bad stores are bought, which appeareth from the state of the timber at Deptford, and especially of the cordage, of which, though “some be better than the last that came from Muscovia, yet part (in the judgment of skilful masters and ropemakers) is neither good hemp, nor well dressed, nor well spun, and so long-jawed and ill-laid, that a cable of 19 inches was thought to want near forty men’s work.” For this long-jawed and ill-laid stuff His Majesty paid on an average twenty per cent. more than private shipowners were charged for good cordage. Indeed it is sweet to see how old are the tricks of the trade. The art of making ropes out of tar and refuse hemp was perfectly well known in the seventeenth century. Causes 3 and 4—The weights used in His Majesty’s yards are too light, whereby he has suffered an ascertainable loss of 828*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* for 2,761 tons, 4 cwt., 6 lbs. of cordage, besides nobody knows how much on contracts which cannot be checked for want of accounts. Again, goods are put at more than their proper weight in the King’s books, as appeared on trial, and “we” the Commissioners “find by confession that 1,000 weight of iron was added to one bill for other work than the King’s, and we hear of much more in this kind.” In the year 1886 we also hear of something in this kind. Cause No. 5 is “superfluous emptions,” the buying of stores not needed. For example, His Majesty hath of late years paid, all allowance duly made, twice as much for moorings as was found necessary when Sir John Hawkins contracted for that service and for the same number of ships and yet gained by his bargain. Skipping Cause No. 6 for the moment, we come to No. 7, which explains No. 5. From this it appears that the practice of contracting with officers for work and stores, which did fairly well when Sir John Hawkins was contractor and Queen Bess kept her eye on him, had grown into a magnificent abuse in 1618. The boatswains contracted for what they called old mucks and brown-paper stuff—that is, worn-out cables and cordage. They paid the King a fixed rate per ton, and then resold their purchases to the trade. It is obvious how convenient “superfluous emptions” must have been to these worthy officers. Twice as much cable was bought as was really needed for moorings. Half lay dry and coiled inboard. At the end of a year the whole, used and unused, was condemned as “old mucks and brown-paper stuff,” bought at the fixed rate by the boatswains, and resold in the market to their profit and satisfaction. Of course this sort of thing cannot be done without mutual help in any office, and that was not wanting. Under the head of Cause No. 6 we find, say the Commissioners, that too much is paid for masts, for this reason—“The shipwrights, with the encouragement and monies of the officers, have bought bargains of masts, and thereupon have had prices allowed, to the gain of near half in half, as they confess, whereof they have returned to the officers for their favour and monies, besides some presents, a third part of the profits; and [the Commissioners add, with some humour] we find this charity much used by some inferior officer, to lend out his monies upon use to workmen and others upon their bills, when (they say) they have no money of the King’s in their hands to pay them.” Also the Commissioners note that the officers

whose duty it is to check this outlay are the very men who are interested in the waste. Under the head of Cause 8 it is noted, among other things, that His Majesty has been made to pay for “taking to rent and furnishing of houses to private uses.” Have not tales been told in these times of splendid cabins fitted up for influential officers, and of boudoirs provided at the public expense for the young and charming wives of First naval Lords? The Commissioners end a singularly clear and businesslike report by pointing out that no improvement can be expected as long as officers are insufficiently paid, unchecked, and almost compelled to look for their maintenance partly to the merchants who supply the stores. It is wonderful how long it has taken all Governments to grasp the truth of this elementary proposition.

RACING AT GOODWOOD.

GOODWOOD races did not begin very cheerily. The day was dark, cold, and gloomy, and, worse still, the favourites were beaten in five successive races. Only Mr. Naylor’s Toastmaster and Lord Lurgan’s Polemic came out for the first race; and, as the latter had been easily beaten by Nautilus at the Newmarket July Meeting, odds were now laid upon Toastmaster, but Polemic had the best of it when the struggle came, and he won easily by a length. There appeared to be a fair opportunity of winning any money that had been lost over Toastmaster by backing Mr. L. de Rothschild’s Middlethorp for the next race, because he had very lately shown himself to be in excellent form by running a dead-heat for the Liverpool Cup; but here again a mistake was made, as he was not even placed to Prince Soltykoff’s Wise Child, a three-year-old to whom he was giving 3 st. 2 lbs., or 32 lbs. more than weight for age. On public form Timothy should have been the favourite for the Ham Stakes, as he had won the Post Sweepstakes at Stockbridge, but learned connoisseurs who looked him over before the race said that he had sore heels and that he was out of condition, so a better favourite was made of Luciana, a filly that had met with five unbroken defeats. She was now destined to receive another, for Timothy beat her after a splendid race by a head, thereby winning 550*l.* in stakes for “Mr. Manton.” Then came the Stewards’ Cup. Now nobody is surprised when the favourite does not win this notoriously uncertain scramble; but it did seem odd that Captain Macchell’s new purchase, Crafton, after having been backed at comparatively short odds for several races this year, should now win easily when scarcely backed at all by the general public. In June he had started first favourite for the Welbeck Cup at Derby, and had been beaten by Kingwood, and the week before Goodwood he had been first favourite for the Surbiton Handicap, a race for which he was not even placed. So when he came out for the Stewards’ Cup at Goodwood his friends forsook him, and 40 to 1 was laid against him. At least ten horses stood higher in the betting, and good odds could have been had against his getting even a place. Now was his opportunity, and the horse that had run eight times unsuccessfully in two years, without a single victory to relieve the monotony, won easily by two lengths, when least expected. At Sandown, Present Times, when meeting Crafton on only 5 lbs. better terms, had been far in front of him; but now he was only fifth to him. Nevertheless, in commenting on Crafton’s victory, it would be unfair to forget that he was very favourably handicapped. Indeed, he was receiving as much as 2 st. 9 lbs. from one horse of his own age, and those who did not back him can blame nobody but themselves. An objection was lodged against him on the ground that his jockey, Edwards, was not entitled to an apprentice’s allowance, but it was withdrawn. The Gratwicke Stakes was apparently at the mercy of the winner of the Oaks, for the course was a mile and a half, which was believed to be beyond Whitefriar’s distance, and Martinet’s form was not good enough. Here was a certainty at last, and 5 to 4 was laid on Miss Jummy. All three had run on the previous Friday for the Eclipse Stakes, when they had finished in the order indicated by the betting. The certainty nearly came off, but not quite; for, the race being run at a slow pace, Whitefriar was not “run out” before reaching the distance, where his great speed enabled him to make a sharp dash in the skilful hands of Archer, and win by a head for the Duke of Westminster. The Richmond Stakes, for two-year-olds, was won by Lord Zetland’s unbeaten colt Panzerschiff, and this performance made his form very high, as he beat Freshwater easily by three lengths, with Stetchworth far behind, a pair of two-year-olds that had themselves beaten other winners. Unfortunately Panzerschiff has not been entered for the great three-year-old races; but whether that is a misfortune greatly to be regretted may be open to question, as the colt is by Wenlock, whose stock win many races, but are not celebrated for their integrity, if such a word may be applied to horseflesh. Thus far, however, no horse could have run with greater consistency, for he has won five races running, and very nearly 3,000*l.* in stakes.

There was another dark day, with further disasters for backers, on the Wednesday. A favourite was chosen for the Findon Stakes in Mr. D. Baird’s Petulance, a filly by Peter that had never been beaten, but had won three races worth about 1,000*l.* To the disappointment of her backers she was now beaten by a neck by Mr. Fenwick’s Southill, whose only public performance had been to run unplaced to Enterprise for the New Stakes at Ascot. Mr. D. Baird’s St. Michael, who is growing into a fine horse, had no difficulty in beating Coracle, Calais, and Grey Friars for the

Drawing-room Stakes; but his backers had to lay more than 2 to 1 on him. It was rather too much of a good thing to run him again within a couple of hours for the Sussex Stakes, and in that race he ran very badly. Lord Alington's Candlemas was a strong favourite, and his victory in the valuable Epsom Grand Prize, together with his second for the Eclipse Stakes, in which he had beaten St. Gatien, fairly entitled him to that honour, but instead of winning, he was unplaced, the race being won by Chelsea, against whom 12 to 1 had been laid. Mr. G. Lambert's Chelsea, a bay colt by Cremorne out of Dalham Lass by Cathedral out of Gertrude, is well bred enough for anything, and he is good-looking into the bargain. He cost 800 guineas as a yearling, and had appeared to be an expensive purchase, for he had lost the four races in which he had hitherto taken part; but the Sussex Stakes was worth 1,032*l.*, and his victory promises very fairly for his future, as he won easily by a length and a half. He was, however, receiving weight from four of his opponents. This week, again, he has shown good form by winning the Brighton Stakes, when giving two years and 10*lbs.* to Pizarro, and 17*lbs.* to Winter Cherry, of whom we shall have something to say presently. But we must return to Goodwood.

There was a great deal of plunging upon "Mr. Childwick's" Saraband for the Chesterfield Cup, and this "good thing" came off. Saraband must have regained or partially regained his two-year-old form, for he gave How's That, who ran second, 24*lbs.*, and beat him easily by a length and a half. He also gave 23*lbs.* and two years to Gonfalon, who ran third, and 17*lbs.* to Theodore, who had won four races this year. Poor Melton was over-handicapped at 10*st.* 6*lbs.* both for this race and for the Stewards' Cup of the previous day, and no wonder, as neither race has ever been won under so heavy a weight. "Mr. Abington's" St. Mary won something approaching a quarter of the 3,900 guineas that she had cost, in the Lavant Stakes. She was nominally first favourite, but Brio, who was a winner, which she was not, was backed at within a small fraction of the same odds. In the last race of the day backers met with a terrible catastrophe, for it was won by Mr. A. W. Merry's Enigma colt, an outsider at 20 to 1 that had never won a race before. He is a three-year-old of doubtful parentage on his sire's side; but he is probably an own brother to the celebrated mare Florence, and he seems able to gallop when it pleases him, for he won in a canter by five lengths with a field of seven horses behind him.

The Cup day was dry, though dreary; and what a Cup day! For the first time for sixty years there was a walk over for the Goodwood Cup, and, as if this were not bad enough, there was a walk over for the Racing Stakes also. The Bard walked over for the former, and Miss Jummy for the latter. Later in the day The Bard came out again and went through the form of a race for the Singleton Plate with Whitefriar; but, although the course was over Whitefriar's favourite distance, The Bard had it all his own way and won in a canter by ten lengths. As Whitefriar had beaten the winner of the Oaks on the Tuesday, and Ormonde had beaten The Bard by a length and a half for the Derby, it would seem that the difference between the winners of the Derby and of the Oaks this year ought to be calculated by stones rather than by pounds. Seven two-year-olds came out for the rich Prince of Wales's Stakes, and Lord Calthorpe's Florentine, a chestnut colt by Petrarch, that had never run before, was the favourite. He beat Timothy pretty easily by a neck, but he swerved against him as he was running in, and was disqualified on this account; so the Stakes of 2,600*l.* were given to "Mr. Manton," the owner of Timothy. This was a great piece of luck for "Mr. Manton," as it is not unlikely that Florentine would have won even more easily if he had not swerved. Many people doubt whether Timothy is a first-class colt; but, be that as it may, he has already won 3,550*l.* in stakes alone. Mr. Redfern's Camlet won the Corinthian Plate after a fine race with Prism, who was giving him 11*lbs.* The winner was the favourite, and this was his fourth victory of the year. General O. Williams's Shimmer, a grey two-year-old filly by See-Saw, won her third successive race in a Selling Stakes, after starting a very hot favourite. She won in a canter by six lengths, and was bought in for 230 guineas, which seemed little enough, but a great piece of good fortune for her owner, considering that she had already earned 600*l.* in stakes, and that she had been bought in on a former occasion for 500 guineas. The Rous Memorial Stakes brought out a field of eleven two-year-olds. Prince Soltyskoff's Luciana, who, as we have already said, received her sixth beating on Tuesday from Timothy, after starting first favourite, was again made a strong favourite. There was no ground, however, for her favouritism on public form, and those who backed her really deserved to lose their money. The race was won by Mr. T. Jennings's Mamia, concerning whose form we have written on several occasions this summer. She only beat Maxim by a head; but she was giving him sex and 10*lbs.*, or the equivalent of a 13*lbs.* beating. This brought up the amount of her winnings to about 3,500*l.*; and, although she has lost more races than she has won, there can be no question about her being a very smart filly. Taken as a whole, the Cup Day at Goodwood was one of the dullest that can be remembered.

The Nassau Stakes on the Friday was fought out between Miss Jummy and Argo Navis, who had only been separated by a neck for the Oaks. As Argo Navis was now receiving 5*lbs.*, she was made the favourite. Miss Jummy, however, beat her by two lengths, and this performance indirectly glorified Whitefriar, who had beaten Miss Jummy on the Tuesday, and still more The Bard, who had beaten Whitefriar on the Thursday. The Duke of

Westminster's chestnut filly, Freedom, by Bend Or, who had been twice beaten, was favourite for the Molecomb Stakes of 950*l.*, and won it very easily from Juggins and Evangeline, a filly by Hermit that had cost 3,000 guineas at the Blankney yearling sale last summer. The Goodwood Stakes furnished an instance of the old saying that "weight will tell," for Sir Kenneth, the second favourite, was just beaten by a neck by an outsider carrying 5*st.* 7*lbs.*, who started almost unbacked at 20 to 1. This was the Duke of Beaufort's Winter Cherry, to whom Sir Kenneth was giving no less than 4*st.*, or 38*lbs.* more than weight-for-age. She is a well-bred three-year-old filly, by Albert Victor out of Red Berry by Cathedral out of Miss Hawthorn; but her form had not been very high, as she had only won a couple of unimportant races last year, and she had been beaten seven times. Her jockey was an apprentice named Cleminson, and it is said that he had orders to make the running for another horse; but he did not get the lead for nearly two miles, and from that point he held his own to the end of the race, although his filly was very nearly caught by Sir Kenneth. On the strength of his unexpected victory in the Drayton High-Weight Handicap on the Wednesday the Enigma colt was made favourite for the Charlton Welter Handicap Plate; but he was not even placed, and Mr. E. C. Starkey's Cavalier won by three lengths from Baron de Rothschild's Aveline. The day ended with a walk over.

The late Goodwood Meeting was to a great extent a failure. The racing was poor; the weather, although tolerably dry, was for the most part dark, dreary, and cold; nor were matters improved by several objections and walk overs. Perhaps, again, the brilliancy of the Eclipse Stakes on the previous Friday tended to make Goodwood appear by comparison flat and uninteresting, and the formation of the new Cabinet kept several well-known supporters of the Turf in London during a part of the week. After all, when we consider the quantities of racecourses within easy reach, and the inconveniences of Goodwood, we can scarcely be surprised at the decline of this meeting—formerly the most favoured in the world.

THE VIRTUE OF CHANGE.

"AT the time of universal migration," says the *Rambler* (the paper was written on July 2nd, 1751, when people left the town much earlier in the year than now), "at this time of universal migration, when almost every one considerable enough to attract regard has retired, or is preparing with all the earnestness of distress to retire, into the country, when nothing is to be heard but the hopes of speedy departure, or the complaints of involuntary delay, I have often been tempted to inquire what happiness is to be gained, or what inconvenience to be avoided, by this stated recession." He does not, indeed, deny that to some of his fellow-citizens some few weeks, or even days, of change from the smoke and roar of London must be a welcome, or even an indispensable relief. In characteristic language, he allows that "the freshness of the air, the verdure of the woods, the paint of the meadows, and the unexhaustible variety which summer scatters upon the earth" must be inexpressibly grateful to men "overwhelmed with the pressure of difficult employments, harassed with importunities, and distracted with multiplicity." Such men, he says, "might reasonably fly to that ease and convenience which their condition allowed them to find only in the country." But the fugitives against whom he takes up his parable are they "who cannot pretend either weariness of labour or desire of knowledge"; who "purpose nothing more than to quit one scene of idleness for another, and, after having trifled in publick, desire to sleep in secrecy"; who gain nothing more than "the change of ridiculousness to obscurity, and the privilege of having fewer witnesses to a life of folly." They care nothing for the verdant woods, the painted meadows, the fresh air, or any other of the "easy pleasures" of the country. Should any of their acquaintances be so curious as to follow them to their retreats, he will find few of them "listening to Philomel, loitering in woods, or plucking daisies, catching the healthy gale of the morning, or watching the gentle coruscations of declining day." The most retreat only to other and smaller towns, "adjacent villages, where they look only upon houses, or in the rest of the year, with no change of objects but what a remove to any new street in London might have given them. The same set of acquaintances still settle together, and the form of life is not otherwise diversified than by doing the same things in a different place." They migrate, in short, solely because others do so; because, as we should say, "it is the fashion"; because, in Johnson's words, "of the universal submission to precedent." When this paper was written poor Johnson had little choice between the "sin and sea-coal" of Fleet Street and the "easy pleasures" of the country. We may make some allowance, therefore, for the natural bitterness with which even the wisest natures, when struggling with sickness, poverty, and grief, will at moments contemplate amusements which they have never known and relaxations which they cannot share. But what a family likeness is there between the professed holiday-makers of Johnson's day and ours! How little changed the life which his contemporaries led at the Spas of Epsom or Tunbridge from that which ours lead at a French watering-place or a German bath! Save for the difference in style both of language and thought, what is Johnson's paper but the prototype of those furnished year by year at the time of the annual migration by the journals which devote them-

selves to recording, either for admiration or ridicule, the fashions of society?

It is not, however, with such fashions nor with their followers that we propose to concern ourselves. The ways of both are inscrutable. Mrs. Pepys went "to lie at Woolwich, in order to a little ayre and to gather May-dew" for her complexion. To preserve their complexions, perhaps, or for other purposes, modern fine ladies, or would-be fine ladies, do many things, no doubt, and go to many places to-day which strike the uninitiated as no whit less whimsical. Nor, it is probable, are their fellows of the other sex behind them in their vagaries. But the habits of the "steadily frivolous," to use Johnson's phrase, at no time, perhaps, very interesting save to those immediately and personally concerned, receive so much attention now from chroniclers who, both by virtue of their industry and their imagination, have reached a height to which we can never pretend, that to pant after them in vain would be a work as superfluous as distasteful. But the subject itself, the subject of "annual retreats into the country," has another and more serious side, on which it may, perhaps, be better worth while to regard it.

Most of us have at some time of our life—almost, one might say, at some time of every year of our lives—been advised, or advised ourselves, that we want "change." The change designed is generally a change of "air"; and, no doubt to the most part of the dwellers in London, the necessity, at any rate the pleasure, of such a change would hardly need many arguments to drive it home. But, then, how often comes the answer "I cannot afford it," whether it be too little money or too much work that the confession signifies. Then, nine times out of ten, you are told that it is not necessary to go very far, or to stay away very long, to compass your desired ends; and probably you are next accommodated with a list of places within easy reach of London where you can carry, if need be, your work with you, if it be of a nature admitting portage, and live as comfortably and mind your business as well as in your own home. The wisdom of this advice has always seemed to us to lie open to the gravest suspicions.

There comes, no doubt, to every man whose work entails much mental exercise a moment when he feels that he can work no more; when what he has done seems of little worth, and what remains to do not worth the doing; when, even if he labours doggedly on, he is conscious, or believes himself to be conscious, that the quality is steadily deteriorating, and that the daily expenditure of time and health and energy brings in but a niggardly return. At such moments, if happily it be in his power, there is little doubt that he will be wise to quit the scene for a time, lest peradventure the scene quit him for ever. But he must quit it absolutely, both it and all its works. He must transport himself, as it were, to another world, where not only the external but the internal conditions of existence shall be in as direct a contrast as possible to those under which he has been working. He must give the lie to the Latin proverb, and prove that it is possible for the traveller to effect a change within as without; when he goes to Rome, he must not only do as the Romans do, but be as they are. Above all, he must divorce himself wholly from his work, from the thought no less than from the reality; it must be for him as though it had no existence in the present, if it is to have for others any existence in the future. In short, his transformation must be as complete as Faust's—though it would be as well for him perhaps to select some different form of distraction. If he will be content to suffer so absolute a change as this, and can encompass it, let him who feels a change of some sort to be necessary, and has satisfied himself that the feeling be not born of some passing fit of irritation, or dyspeptic fancy, by all means put it into practice with what speed he may. But he who desires to regain tone and temper, to brace his mental and bodily energies, to know once again the delight of "laborious days," and feel the happy confidence that his labours are not and will not be in vain, need tease or flatter himself with no less drastic remedy. He will find but little benefit from those temporary retreats from Saturday to Monday which are so much in vogue among a certain sort of workers, and for many are no doubt neither useless nor ungrateful. Men whose work, though in a sense brain-work, as indeed all save purely physical work must to a certain extent be, is based on matters of fact and practised by routine, can no doubt put it by and take it up again without difficulty. As such work may practically be said to end with the day, it suffers nothing by the intervention of a few hours' idleness. At the worst it merely stands still; it does not go back. But he who works with the intellect as well as with the brain will hardly, save in very rare instances, find himself able to do this. Every one who has had any real experience of this sort of work will know how invaluable is "the vein"; how easy it is to lose, how hard to regain. Few things are so injurious to it as these short and frequent interruptions. The two railway journeys—and terrible enemies to the brain are railways—even the packing, the unpacking, and the repacking, all of which consume their share, and more than their share, of the brief holiday, all tend to neutralize its advantages, to change the rest that should be into hurry and thought and care which, though of a different kind to that from which we are striving to escape, have their own retarding influence. The mere external change, enough to distract, yet not enough to relieve, is of little use. Every one knows how for the first day or two of a long-deferred holiday the mind is restless and uneasy. Old habits and associations, even the most trivial, cannot be broken up and new ones formed at a moment's notice. When the hour for return comes, the holiday-seeker, instead of

feeling himself reinvigorated and filled with fresh life and energy, goes back whence he came, dissatisfied with a waste of time, which has but kept him from his work without, as he cannot but confess to himself, giving him any solid return. Even when the place of his weekly retreat is the same, so that there is no shock, as it were, of novelty to distract his mind when he steps at once into habits and scenes, and among people no less familiar to him than those among whom his working days are passed, and with which, therefore, those of the latter can amicably march, it is a question whether the harm does not overbalance the good. The mind is more at ease during the interruption; but the interruption remains.

He who feels the necessity for some relaxation from his labours imperative, yet cannot afford either the time or the money for that complete departure from his normal existence elsewhere described, will probably find himself best served by a change of work without a change of scene; or, possibly better still, by an absolute rest from all work under the same conditions. A visit to the picture-galleries or museums, a day's walk through the streets or parks, even one's sofa and a novel, will often have the desired effect. There is here no violent disruption of habits, yet the brain is relieved, and relieved insensibly, which is the prime virtue of all systems of relief. So simple a change is within the reach of all, and he who tries this, failing any other method of satisfying a want he feels to be indispensable, will return to his work, the thread of which he has never really let go, in far better trim than he will return to it after a few hours of life under different and abnormal conditions thrust violently in between two jolting railway journeys.

RECENT EGYPTIAN RESEARCH.

SINCE the missing link between early Greek and late Egyptian art was found at Naucratis by Mr. Petrie, Hellenic students have become aware of the necessity of a knowledge of Egypt and Egyptian archaeology to a thorough comprehension of Greek history and letters. It has been for so long the fashion, or at least the habit, of classical scholars to ignore the debt which classical literature owes to the writers of hieroglyphics that a sudden conversion to the new revelation is not to be expected. Still, there is at the present day a tendency among men of ripe learning to acknowledge the claims of Egypt on their attention—a tendency to take the serious study of the mother of written languages out of the hands of the faddists and theorists who for so many years covered the ground and had no check in the shape of competent criticism on their absurdities. The classical students who know anything of Egyptology are still unfortunately far too few; but, though most of our English, Scotch, and Irish Universities hold aloof, the first accredited envoy from Cambridge to the Pharaohs has now been at work for a couple of seasons, chiefly, of course, at the later branches of the subject; and it is to be hoped that before many years are past it will no longer be objected to Egyptian research that it counts for nothing at an examination. Mr. Ernest Gardner found his work at Naucratis greatly facilitated by falling heir to Mr. Petrie's methods and the discipline he had introduced among the native workmen employed. He has dug out temples and traced enclosing walls, he has disinterred the bodies of Greek colonists and identified the names of contemporaries and predecessors of Herodotus; but, more important than all as showing the connexion of Greek literature with Egypt, he has found numerous inscriptions in archaic alphabets, and has been able to give a date to numerous examples of early art, and whole classes of vases and statuettes found elsewhere. Naucratis, it is true, never became a great or flourishing city, but in the sixth century before our era—a very early point to have reached in Hellenic chronology, though so late in the succession of Egyptian dynasties—Naucratis was the chief if not the sole channel through which Egypt influenced Greece, and we are able by these discoveries to judge whence came some of the strange forms and the finely-coloured glasses which have been found at such places as Camirus in Rhodes. Some statuettes correspond exactly with the description of one said to have been brought by Herostratus from Cyprus; others are of a more strictly local character, and show how Greek sculptors were employed at Naucratis when Rhœcus and Theodorus were studying the arts of Egypt. Perhaps, as Mr. Gardner points out in his report, they studied at Naucratis, and the discovery of a vase bearing the not very common name of Rhœcus may be taken as going far to prove it. The superior technical knowledge of the Egyptians could not have fallen on a more fertile artistic soil than that of Greece. Had they but known it, the Hellenic mind was capable of taking up the clue dropped by the pyramid-builders perhaps three thousand years before; and of carrying on as living, progressive art the experience which Semitic invaders, according to an opinion attributed to Mr. Petrie, had fossilized, making Egyptian art, once so lifelike, a byword for everything that is stiff and conventional.

Mr. Petrie has been enabled to offer a prize to those subscribers to the Egypt Exploration Fund who only care to have their Biblical knowledge confirmed, by his remarkable discovery in the Eastern Delta. The purely scientific value of Mr. Petrie's discovery of Tahpanhes lies rather in its offering us another link in the chain which connects archaic Greece with the later Egypt; and in his report this is the only part of it much insisted upon. But the "Biblical student" is much more exercised by the very

clear proof offered by Tahpanhes of the absolute and material truth of a passage in the book of the prophet Jeremiah, where he (xliii. 5-13) speaks topographically of Tahpanhes; of the reception there of a remnant of the Jews under Johanan; of "the clay in the brick-kiln which is at the entry of Pharaoh's house," or, as it is (no doubt more correctly) rendered in the Revised Version, "the brickwork" or "the pavement"; of the coming destruction of the place by fire; and (xliv. 30) of the defeat and captivity of Pharaoh-Hophra. This is a great discovery for the Fund. Here we are actually brought face to face with Jeremiah; his brick pavement is still visible; the name of Un-ab-Ra, or Hophra, occurs in its well-known hieroglyphic form on fragments of the buildings and beneath the corner-stones; and, more than all, there are signs, in spite of the tacit denial of the Egyptian chronicles, that the Babylonian account is true, and that Tahpanhes was indeed burnt by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon. This discovery throws a side light even on the Exodus, and is another "nail in the coffin," to borrow a phrase from a contemporary politician, of the Pyramid and Land of Goshen theorist. It will be sufficient here, therefore, to have pointed out the bearings of this side of Mr. Petrie's discovery, and pass on at once to the really much more important confirmation it affords us of a passage in the Second Book of Herodotus. We say this advisedly, and in a spirit certainly not of irreverence. The man whose faith in Scripture requires this kind of proof is not very often capable of judging of its critical value; but to those who know how completely increase of historical knowledge confirms and elucidates the Biblical narrative, it is much more important to leave the Bible for the time being to take care of itself, without the fussy anxiety of the nervous student, and to find new links to bind the Greek history to that of Egypt, so that the critical minds of our Universities may be induced to investigate problems which they alone can deal with if their boasted classical education has not been a sham. So far, with a few brilliant exceptions, Egypt and its great literary and chronological problems have been left to the faddist and the theorist, or at least to any amateur of cultivation who, finding the field of classical study fully occupied, has struck out a new line for himself by studying Egyptology. This is the history of nearly all that has been done in England of late years to increase our acquaintance with the land whence the Greeks and the Romans, the Etruscans and the Carthaginians must have derived their alphabets and their art. Taking up, one by one, the long-neglected proofs; working back from the known of Herodotus to the unknown, from the fully-developed Hellenic style to the archaic potsherds of Naucratis and Daphne, we establish a scientific road which will lead us right into the camp of the Biblical student—not, in the words of Bunyan, tumbling in over the wall, but arriving at our goal step by step from the wicket-gate. The spasmodic attacks of Bible theorists on Egyptian history have done only indirect good to their own cause. The fragments of Manetho, held up to scorn by the early Christian apologist, form now a stronger prop to the weak-kneed Christian than the treatise in which they are ridiculed and preserved. We know now where Goshen and Raames were; we know now where Tahpanhes and Migdol were; and no doubt, when the classical scholar of the future has turned his attention to Egypt, when he has found the digamma in hieroglyphics, and has traced Juno to her early home at Denderah, the whole story of Israel in Egypt, the settlement in Goshen, the Exodus to Sinai, the law and the golden calf, the descent upon Palestine, the conquests and reconquests of Babylonians and Egyptians—these and many other things far more difficult will have been elucidated with ease, "as part of the performance." The excellent Society of Biblical Archaeology is, in reality, doing less for solid Biblical research than the Hellenic Society. The exploration funds, if competent explorers can be found—men who go to work with their whole souls and bodies, like Mr. Petrie—or who bring a classical education to bear, like Mr. Gardner—will soon have laid up a sufficient store of notes and inscriptions for scholars at home to begin upon. But incidental and disconnected attempts to vindicate theories of interpretation already formed can at best only give us scraps of knowledge, and in a majority of instances not even so much as scraps.

It is interesting to observe the close connexion, with a difference, between the art of Mr. Gardner's early fragments from Naucratis and Mr. Petrie's still earlier fragments from Daphne. The Greek or Carian mercenaries of Psammetichus, planted, as Herodotus tells us, at Daphne of Pelusium, and transferred to Memphis by Amasis (Aahmes II.), have left distinct traces of their existence, and all the most striking fragments of pottery are of a style and colouring hitherto unknown, even in the British Museum. These inscribed sherds contain the connexion, we may be sure, which will lead us safely from Herodotus to Jeremiah, and how much further cannot yet be guessed even by a Scriptural student or a theorist among the pyramids.

THE HAULED MEALER AND THE HORSE-FIDDLE.

WE regret to find that the August number of *Knowledge* does not contain a further instalment of Mr. R. A. Proctor's amusingly and amazingly inaccurate glossary of Americanisms. We have already expressed a desire to learn whether Mr. Proctor had ever heard of a "horse-fiddle," or if he could declare what a "hauled mealer" might be; now we are moved to explain these

terms here in the hope that Mr. Proctor may be encouraged to learn something about the subject before he presumes to teach. A horse-fiddle is an instrument of torture rather than an instrument of music; and it supplies the chief lower notes in the extemporized orchestra of a "chivaree." A chivaree—the word is an obvious corruption of the French *charivari*—is an impromptu concert or serenade offered to a widow or widower who has remarried with indecent haste, or to any other person who may have made himself obnoxious to the community. To give dignity, volume, and power to the shrill horns and to the sharp notes of the beaten pan is the duty of the horse-fiddle, which is a large packing-case with the top off. It is carried near the house of the unsuspecting victim and turned upside down, with its open mouth on the ground. On the upturned bottom the performers sprinkle rosin; and then they draw a long plank across the packing-case, which gives forth hoarse groans of a soul-terrifying nature. A solo on the horse-fiddle is quite as disheartening, enervating, and revolting as a solo on the fog-horn. Fortunately it is known only in New England, we believe, and even there its use is not frequent. The "hauled mealer" is also of New England origin. At one of the pleasantest summer resorts of America, Mount Desert, off the coast of Maine, where the vernacular of the native New Englander may yet be heard in its pristine freshness, there are still to be seen survivals of the earlier stage of its existence, when it was a place where people camped out. There are hotels now, and many of the dwellers in tents and in log-cabins prefer now to go to the hotels three times a day for their meals; they are, therefore, so far as the hotel is concerned, not lodgers, but "mealers." But in the summer the sun may be hot, and the walk from the dwelling to the hotel caused the mealer much perspiring exertion, which seeing, the owner of a vehicle made a contract to convey the mealer three times daily to and from the hotel. To convey in a vehicle by the use of horses is, in the tongue of New England, "to haul." Therefore is it that those who were conveyed to the hotel for their three repasts a day were "hauled mealers."

We remarked last week on the extreme untrustworthiness of Bartlett's *Dictionary of Americanisms*. A good book on this subject is greatly to be desired. But the compiler must needs be a man of wide reading, alert intelligence, and great common sense. Mr. Bartlett was none of these; in his eyes anything and everything was an Americanism. The first duty of a writer on the subject is to define the term "Americanism." Mr. Proctor's definition is quite out; he calls any word or phrase an Americanism which is more often heard in the United States than in Great Britain. A very large proportion of so-called Americanisms are good old English words which have been kept alive in America and allowed to drop out of use in England. Mr. Saintsbury, in the notes to his Clarendon Press selection from *Sainte-Beuve*, suggests as a translation of *ne s'était trouvée à pareille fête*, "had such a glorious time of it," and adds that this is "good old English which some people probably think to be American." In another case the Americans have retained a beautifully poetic word, "fall," as the converse of "spring," while the English have preferred the Latin "autumn." Many other Americanisms are merely British provincialisms taken over by the early colonists. Here would be one of the first difficulties of the compiler of a good dictionary of Americanisms; he must be thoroughly familiar not only with classic English in all its depth and breadth, but also with all the provincial dialects, that he set not down as of American origin a word which is in Shakespeare (like "deck" for "pack" of cards) or which is still in use in some English county (like "I reckon" for "I think"). The task of picking these out is not easy, and there are not a few surprises in store for the man who undertakes it. For example, "peart" in the sense of "lively" would be accepted by most Americans as an indisputable Americanism—was it not Little Breeches who was "peart and chipper and sassy"? But we can find the same word used in the same sense in that thoroughly English romance *Lorna Doone*. A Southerner would probably confess that the use of "like" for "as" (i.e. "like he did" for "as he did") was an Americanism especially frequent in the Southern States; but Thackeray uses it in *Barry Lyndon* as though it were a Hibernianism, and we have seen it in print in recent English books, even in so well-edited a series as Mr. John Morley's *English Men of Letters*. It may be noted, also, that in *Esmond* Thackeray wrote "instantly" for "as soon as," which was an anachronism, as the use of "directly he arrived" for "as soon as he arrived" is a comparatively recent Britishism; it is not yet to be found in the writings of any American author of authority. Another obligation binding on the future editor of the accepted Dictionary of Americanisms would be the separation of all slang words of merely temporary vogue, for these are not part of the language of America. A slang word is a word on its probation, which may drop into black oblivion in a month or may gain citizenship in the language. The temporary American slang is often graphic and picturesque, and it is generally more intelligent and intelligible than the slang of London or Paris. Just now a New Yorker expressing his disapproval of a person or a thing will tell you that "he has no use for it."

Words and phrases of these three classes—good old English, more or less obsolete, British provincialisms, and American temporary slang—fill up and weigh down Bartlett's *Dictionary of Americanisms*, and should be omitted from the future Dictionary, or at least dealt with in the most summary way. Eliminating these, we have remaining two other classes—first, the few genuine

Americanisms made in America by Americans, a class far smaller than most people may think; and, second, the semi-Americanisms, by which we mean the foreign words left behind by the former Spanish, French, and Dutch colonists whose territory has now passed into the hands of the English-speaking Americans, by whom these words have been taken over. Of the words of this second class, "bonanza" and "canyon," for example, may be taken as fair specimens of the legacy of the Spaniards, and "chowder" (from *chaudière*) and "chivaree" (from *charivari*) as instances of French influence. Perhaps there is a larger deposit of Dutch words than of French or Spanish, owing to the greater importance nowadays of the town which the Dutch founded, the little village which was New Amsterdam and is now New York. The use of "boss" as an exact equivalent of the French *patron* is almost universal throughout the United States, and "boss" is often heard as an equivalent of the English "sir" of polite ceremony. "Spook," for ghost, is also now well incorporated into current speech. Oddly enough this word is knocking at the door of the English language from two sides—from America and from South Africa, as all readers of Mr. Rider Haggard's stirring tales will remember. Another American word of Dutch origin is "stoop," which is the name of the flight of steps leading up to the main entrance of a dwelling. This is also known to all Americans now, and there is even an anecdote of an American girl in Paris who told a friend that she had seen her "standing on the stoop of the Madeleine." Of the genuine Americanisms the list is not very long, and it may be divided into two subdivisions. One contains the names Americans have given to things invented in America—the "toboggan," for example, and the "prairie-schooner," or huge waggon used in crossing the plains before the Pacific Railway was completed. In the other subdivision are the names Americans have given to things which exist also in England, but to which the English have given a different name. This difference of English and American terminology is most striking when we compare the technicalities of the railway. There is a reason for this divergence; the English railway is a development of the old stage-coach, and the American railroad was a substitute for the steamboat. Before the invention of the railway the Englishman was generally carried by land in a coach, while the American was generally taken by water in a boat; and this is why an American conductor cries out "All aboard!" as the train is about to start. But why an American engineer "switches" where an English engine-driver "shunts" we are not able to declare. Not a few American phrases are interesting; for example, in New Orleans the nickname for a Jew is "a Creole of Jerusalem." In Virginia the rabbit is called "Molly Cotton-tail." A "Welsh rabbit," by the way, is not a rare-bit, as a most daring philologist ventured to assert; it is only a joke, having for its point the Welsh fondness for toasted cheese, just as a "Cape Cod Turkey" is a codfish. The various dialects which may yet be heard in the different States, despite the levelling influence of the schoolmaster who is abroad throughout the length and breadth of the United States, are getting themselves preserved in literature—in Mr. Lowell's *Biglow Papers*, in Mrs. Stowe's *Old Town Folks*, in Dr. Eggleston's *Hoosier Schoolmaster*, in Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's sketches of life in the Georgia Mountains, and in Mark Twain's marvellous *Huckleberry Finn*. It is a pity that Mr. Bret Harte's dialect is spurious and inexact; it is nearly as bad as Mr. Robert Buchanan's attempt to reproduce a speech of which he was ignorant. In general, English novelists have been absolutely unable to handle the American vocabulary; the owner of the *Golden Butterfly* is perhaps the most successful effort of an English novelist to handle American shibboleths. Both Charles Reade and Anthony Trollope failed lamentably. The chief defect is that the vocabulary of the alleged American in English fiction is prepared from the point of view that there is one American speech which is catalogued by Bartlett. As a matter of fact, every State has its peculiarities not heard in its next neighbour. The ordinary English novelist's American speaks a speech as like the true American as a mixture of Cockney, Yorkshire, Irish, and Scotch would be like unto the real English. Local pronunciation differs like the local vocabularies; the Chicagoan, for instance, calling his city She-caw'-go. Of all the local peculiarities, perhaps the most amusing is the Philadelphian's extension of the word "gum" to include all manufactures of india-rubber, and especially overshoes. And thereby hangs a tale. It is said that a certain Philadelphian, arriving suddenly on a stormy night at the house of a friend in New York, was asked where his wife was, and replied that she was just outside, wiping her gums on the mat.

MR. BOUCICAULT'S NEW PLAY.

IT is a remarkable feature in Mr. Dion Boucicault's new play, *The Jilt*, that it is composed of incidents which are either quite impossible or in the highest degree improbable. *The Jilt* is a dramatized tale of the Turf, the characters in which are a law unto themselves and know nothing of the Jockey Club or the Grand National Hunt Committee, the two bodies by which all reputable race meetings in England (off the stage) are governed. It may be doubted whether the rascalities of the Turf furnish a fit subject for the foundation of a high-class comedy; we have, indeed, a strong impression that they do not; but at least Mr. Boucicault might have taken the trouble to bring his episodes within the limits of possibility. A leading event in the play is the riding of a horse in a steeplechase by a trainer's daughter,

who, in anticipation of the appointed rider being thrown, has put on colours ready to mount the horse and ride it to victory. We are shown what is supposed to be a box on a Grand Stand; the occupants watch the race, they see for themselves, and explain to us, how Phyllis Welter springs on the animal's back and comes in first, before the famous gentleman-rider Myles O'Hara, and then we become spectators of how she rushes up to the box and falls into her mother's arms. Mr. Boucicault in his guileless innocence believes that the horse she rode, an animal whose success is to redeem the credit of an embarrassed hero, has won the race. Many of Mr. Boucicault's critics probably know little more about the rules of racing than Mr. Boucicault himself knows. Such knowledge is not a necessary branch of a liberal education; but when one deals with a special subject it is well to deal accurately, and the author of *The Jilt* will perhaps be astonished when we tell him that Phyllis and her horse must inevitably be disqualified, and that the race was really won by Myles O'Hara, who came in second. In the first place, Geoffrey Tudor, the "Eton boy, aged nineteen"—Mr. Boucicault is precise—could not have been qualified himself to ride for the Yorkshire Cup. He is obviously not a professional jockey licensed by the Grand National Hunt Committee aforesaid, who rule cross-country sport as the Jockey Club rule flat racing; neither is he a qualified gentleman-rider—alas, for Mr. Boucicault! Gentleman-riders, unless they are proposed, seconded, and elected, as an Eton boy would not be, must be members of certain clubs, officers of the army or navy on full pay, persons holding commission under the Crown or bearing titles in their own right or by courtesy. Geoffrey Tudor comes under none of these heads, and therefore Geoffrey Tudor could not ride in a steeplechase. As already remarked, Geoffrey Tudor is thrown and Phyllis takes his place, but the position of affairs is not in any way thereby improved. "In the event of a rider being disabled," the Rule says—Geoffrey, by the way, is not disabled; but let that pass—"his horse may be ridden home by any person of sufficient weight, provided he"—he the Rule says, not he or she—"be qualified according to the conditions of the race." But we have seen what steeplechase riders, amateur and professional, must be, and it is clear that Phyllis, not being a "he," not being licensed by the Grand National Hunt Committee, a member of the necessary clubs, an officer or person of title, cannot be qualified. Is it to consider too curiously to consider so? We do not think it. If it is worth while to write a comedy about horse-racing, it is worth while to observe the laws which govern the sport. If the author did not go into detail, it would not be necessary to prove that his detail is ridiculous; but he shows more than once that he has considered all these little things without understanding them. Thus he has some sort of vague idea that jockeys are weighed, and, missing the point, he makes Phyllis incidentally remark that she has "weighed in" before the race. Apart from the fact that no Clerk of the Scales would have weighed the young lady under any circumstances, and especially to ride a horse for which another rider had weighed already, it is to be remarked that before a race jockeys do not "weigh in." We do not say that a man is going "in" for a walk; we say that he is going "out"; and similarly before a race jockeys "weigh out." They "weigh in" after the race if they finish in the first three.

It will be seen how indispensable it is for an author who is writing about a special subject to acquaint himself with the theme he treats; and having gone into this matter of the race at length, we will not dwell on other technical absurdities, though it is impossible to pass without any comment over the preposterous idea of a thoroughbred horse being ridden in his exercise gallops by a couple of people at the same time—a girl and her lover. We could furnish a great many reasons why this is absurd, but will content ourselves with the statement that it is so. Leaving technicalities and coming to the other interests of the drama, we still find clumsiness, confusion, and weakness. Three feeble threads of interest—of what should be interest—are provided, but there is a lack of union between them. There is a love affair between Myles O'Hara, the gentleman-rider, and Kitty, the sister of the wealthy Baronet, Sir Badleigh Woodstock; there is another love affair between the Eton boy and Phyllis, the trainer's daughter, a young person who is asked to dine at Woodstock's house, where she exhibits quaint ideas of conduct, as, for instance, when, a visitor being announced, she remarks to the butler, "Tell him to hook it," though the gentleman has not come to see her. This is the more odd as Mr. Boucicault explains that it is his object in this comedy faithfully to depict life in the home of a great county family. Then there is the episode in which Lady Woodstock is concerned, and as the play is called *The Jilt*, and she is the jilt in question, this is perhaps designed as the leading feature. Lady Woodstock—Mr. Boucicault calls her "Lady Millicent," though it is not explained in what way she is entitled to the designation—has written some compromising letters to an old lover, now dead. The lover has appointed two executors, Myles O'Hara and a Lord Marcus Wylie, and has sent these letters by O'Hara to Wylie, who is desired to give them to Woodstock, in order that he may see the baseness of the woman he has made his wife. This is an unworthy proceeding on the part of the dead lover, but it helps Mr. Boucicault to a sort of pivot, for Wylie can hold these letters *in terrorem* over the jilt—who has learnt to love her husband devotedly—so as to gain her advocacy in the project he has formed of marrying her sister-in-law, Kitty, the heiress. As Kitty is never in any danger of falling into the power of the rascally Lord Marcus, our interest and sympathy are not excited on her behalf, and her husband is so obviously infatuated that we are under no apprehension with regard to the reformed

jilt's peace of mind. There is, in short, no one on behalf of whom our sensibilities are aroused—and there are five acts in *The Jilt*!

The dialogue is by far the best part of Mr. Boucicault's new piece. As was remarked in these pages when the work was given in the United States last April, this is rich in point and effectiveness. The author has naturally allotted not a few of the chief points to the character of O'Hara, which he plays himself, and he makes much of the good things in delivering them—no one could make more. Otherwise, the part is not convincing. We do not understand whether O'Hara is designed for a gentleman or a hanger-on of the Turf; there is a deprecating air about the man, as though he felt that he was admitted to the society of his betters on sufferance, and this is—perhaps unintentionally—emphasized in his dress, as when he appears at dinner without a necktie, but with a blazing diamond stud in his collar. Except for the fact that the Woodstocks are odd people in spite of the "great wealth and ancient lineage," their possession of which is set forth in the programme, it might be suspected that Kitty had done ill in giving her hand to O'Hara. As the typical Irish peasant of the stage, Mr. Boucicault is altogether admirable. We wish that there was anything in Ireland like the droll, light-hearted, faithful creature he portrays; but, though the type is of his own invention, it is pleasant and diverting to see and hear. The same peasant in an ill-made chestnut wig, with a moustache and a frock coat, is not an agreeable or entertaining personage. Miss Thorndyke, a newcomer, played Kitty, who is represented as a lively and impulsive girl, with no particular refinement of manner, but altogether well enough suited for the work appointed her in the comedy. Miss Myra Holme acted so naturally as the repentant jilt, that we occasionally forgot the artificial nature of the whole business—which, however, was soon made prominent again. The character of Phyllis Welter, the trainer's daughter, is altogether impossible—a fact we are not allowed to forget even for a moment; but Miss Webster does what she has to do with, as we cannot help suspecting, a pleasing ignorance of its absurdity, and succeeds in showing that if suitable material were provided she would acquit herself capably. Much the same may be said of Mrs. Mary Barker, who plays Mrs. Welter, the trainer, for the trainer is a woman. She neither does nor says anything to convince us that she or her author possesses the least idea of the business a trainer has to do. Most of the other characters are conventional and are conventionally played. Mr. J. G. Taylor finds scope for a tolerably effective sketch of a comic scoundrel connected with the Turf. Mr. Lethcourt is the well-bred villain we so frequently meet on the stage; Mr. Grahame is the baronet of great wealth and ancient lineage, who talks with a strong Yorkshire accent. We should like to have spoken more favourably of Mr. Boucicault's latest production, but regard for truth obliges us to say what we have said. There is some good material in *The Jilt*. Unfortunately it is for the most part wasted because Mr. Boucicault has employed it to adorn an unacceptable structure based on a false foundation.

THE RETIREMENT OF MR. HERBERT.

THERE is good news for outsiders in the world of art. In the next Royal Academy there will be eight more nice large places along the line vacant for pictures by gentlemen and ladies who are not Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A. Men talk of reforms, but what reform could be more pleasant, or, we may say, more unexpected, than the resignation of the "old Academician" *par excellence*? We congratulate the retiring member and ourselves on the fact that it is not death or even disease that makes him and the Royal Academy divide. At the end of a remarkably successful career, Mr. Herbert finds that nature is calling for repose, and he grants her her desire. This is pleasant for all parties, but we cannot help dwelling upon the surprise of it. The rejuvenescence of Mr. Herbert occurred about six years ago. He was not always so rampant, so zealous in filling his eight great places on the line, as we have known him lately. In the sixties and seventies he exhibited his works in moderation, and sometimes he even deigned not to exhibit them at all. But in 1881 he was tempted by ambition to draw attention to himself as a master, and he opened a "Herbert Gallery" in New Bond Street. It was filled with his selected works, and there was a dais on which the enthusiast might withdraw, and telescopes and spy-glasses through which he might gaze with an *altitudo*! This was Mr. Herbert's Midlothian campaign, and it destroyed him. He produced acres of his pallid purple canvases with wizened saints and virgins in attitudinizing groups, and he thought he might outwear the laughter of the profane, and be victorious at last. His resignation means that he has found out that he is beaten, and we shall respect his retreat. After all, there have been painters of worse intention.

The Royal Academy has to select an Associate to fill the vacant R.A.-ship, and it will probably be in no hurry to do this. It will be difficult beforehand to name the lucky man. Mr. Burne-Jones will have supporters who will argue that, in courtesy, he should be admitted at once to the full honours, as Mr. Watts was in 1868. The four painters whose names stand first in order of priority are acknowledged to be practically out of the running. Then comes Mr. Marcus Stone, who has been an Associate since 1877, and who has continued to paint well, in his mannered way, while younger

men have passed over his head. No doubt many will consider that Mr. Stone's turn has come at last. Among the A.R.A.'s of 1879 are Mr. Fildes, Mr. Boughton, and Mr. Herkomer, and no surprise would be felt if either of these popular artists received the call to go up higher. It is not probable, at all events, that the selection will be made from among more recent members of the body, and the next R.A., there can be little doubt, should be one of the five gentlemen we have mentioned.

RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

RAILWAY shareholders must have been prepared for the unsatisfactory dividend announcements now being made. At the end of the first half of the year seventeen of the principal Railway Companies of the United Kingdom showed a falling off in gross receipts, compared with the corresponding six months of last year, of as much as 579,000*l*. It is true that the weekly traffic returns are never very accurate, and that the real decrease consequently was less than that stated; but still the falling off was too large to permit of any hope that it could be compensated for by savings in the working expenses. When trade is just beginning to fall away there is considerable scope for savings in expenses. During prosperous times the Railway Companies, in order to meet the requirements of traffic, have to run a larger number of train-miles than usual, and when the traffic falls off they can, of course, curtail the mileage run. The handling of the traffic also requires larger staffs, and that implies heavier wage-bills. Lastly, the consumption of fuel is, of course, larger the greater the number of miles run. When times become depressed savings in all directions, both in fuel, in wages, and in maintenance, thus become possible; but as the depression in trade and agriculture has now lasted for several years, it was obvious to shareholders that the greater part of the savings possible to be effected had already been made. Railway shareholders, then, looking week by week at the traffic returns, must have been fully prepared for the nature of the dividend announcements that have been and are being made. These, it must be admitted, are not very satisfactory. Of seventeen principal English Companies which have now announced their rates of dividend, only one pays a higher rate than in the first half of last year, six pay the same rate, and as many as ten pay lower rates. Regarding the six that pay the same rate as for the first half of last year, it is to be observed that, with respect to such of them as serve the South Yorkshire district, the result is more disappointing than at first sight it appears; for in the first half of last year there was a great strike of colliers in South Yorkshire which for several weeks utterly deranged trade. That applies also to the lines serving that district which pay lower rates; for, in spite of the fact that the district was not deranged by strikes this year, the dividends have not been kept up. The result, of course, is mainly due to the depression in trade and agriculture. There are special causes affecting special Companies, but taking the whole country together, the falling off is obviously due to trade depression. Less goods are being moved, smaller rates are being charged, and even there has been a falling off in the number of passengers that travel on several lines. It is true that there is not much diminution in the actual volume of trade, but profits from all kinds of goods are less than they were. The whole community feels itself poorer, and therefore there is less enterprise and less disposition for amusement. But the main form taken by the losses of the Railway Companies is reduction in rates. The great fall in prices that has now been going on so long necessarily compels the Railway Companies to lower their rates. They have struggled against the necessity with extraordinary success; they have, indeed, almost succeeded in maintaining passenger fares; but, in spite of the tenacity with which they have striven against the popular demand for lower rates and fares, they have been compelled to give way to some extent. In some cases the reductions have been large, and it is obvious that they must continue.

The whole trading and agricultural community is crying out against the enormity of the rates now charged. Chambers of Commerce and Chambers of Agriculture unite in saying that the business of the country is being seriously injured by the high rates exacted by Railway Companies. Twice the Board of Trade has introduced Bills upon the subject, and even the Railway Companies themselves have admitted the justice of the demand by proposing Bills of their own. The state of parties in the House of Commons rendered legislation on the subject impossible, but it is quite clear that legislation must take place. The fall in prices ranges from about 20 to 30 per cent., and the rates charged by the Railway Companies were fixed at a time before the fall took place. It is evident, therefore, that if capitalists are to receive the same profits as before, and if the trade of the country with the rest of the world is to be maintained, railway rates must come down in proportion to the fall in prices. But it is equally clear that the loss to the Railway Companies must fall almost exclusively upon the holders of ordinary shares. Speaking roughly, the working expenses of our railways average somewhere about 50 per cent. of the gross receipts. The fall in prices, therefore, is only about half covered by reductions in the working expenses; but of the net receipts the ordinary shareholders receive only what remains after the interest on debentures and the guaranteed and preference dividends have been fully paid. The interest on the debenture debt and the guaranteed and preference dividends, however, are at fixed rates, and, whatever may become of the ordinary share-

holders, these must be paid if the Railway Companies earn enough to pay them. It is after these prior charges have been defrayed that the right of the ordinary shareholders comes in to a distribution of the profits; consequently the whole loss in net receipts falls upon the ordinary shareholders. As we have been pointing out above, the reduction in rates and fares has not yet been great enough to meet the fall in general prices, and therefore ordinary shareholders have to look forward to even a further diminution in their already shrunken dividends. It is to be feared, too, that they cannot hope for much compensation in the way of savings in working expenses. The fall in prices has already reduced the cost of materials nearly as much as is probable. It is true, indeed, that wages have not been cut down quite in the proportion of the fall in prices. It would seem as if the lowering of wages is almost the last result of a great fall in prices. There has, however, been a considerable reduction in wages, and there has been a large diminution in the number of workpeople employed by the Railway Companies. Assuming even that the reduction in wages will be carried further, it cannot be hoped to equal the reduction in rates and fares, and therefore we fear that the tendency of railway dividends for some time to come is towards further and further decline.

On the other hand, of course, the railway shareholder may look forward for some compensation in trade improvement. We have pointed out from time to time that there are symptoms of a considerable revival in trade. Since we last wrote on the subject the indications have become still stronger. Undoubtedly the trading community all over the country is more hopeful than a little time ago. And, if trade improves, it is clear that the traffic of the Railway Companies will increase, and consequently that their receipts will be augmented. With the trade improvement there will, of course, come an increase of working expenses; but for a year or two the increase in working expenses will not be at all proportionate to the augmentation of traffic receipts. After a while, however, the improvement will tend to slacken, while the increase in working expenses will go on. Still, the growth of revenue due to an improvement in trade will tend to compensate the railway shareholders for the reduction in rates and fares that is now inevitable; and, if the legislation regarding rates and fares takes place while the trade improvement is in progress, it is probable that that legislation will be much less rigorous than it would have been a year or two since. On the other hand, however, it is obvious that an improvement in trade will check the reduction in wages, and will, indeed, rather tend to raise wages. Over and above these influences, however, is the steady growth in population that goes on year by year, and the consequent accumulation of capital. It may reasonably be assumed, we think, now that the fall in prices has nearly reached its limit. If we take long intervals of time, such as ten years, it is possible that prices may be seen to be lower at the end of the period than at the beginning; but such a continuous and extreme fall as we have witnessed during the last ten years is extremely improbable. Furthermore, the adaptation of trade to the new condition of things is nearly complete. Therefore, trade having adapted itself to the lower level of prices and population steadily growing, it is reasonably to be assumed that the prosperity of the country in the immediate future will be decidedly greater than it has been in the immediate past. There will be again a handsome margin of profits, and all parties will share in this result. Even the reduction of rates and fares will, after awhile, benefit the Railway Companies themselves. It will allow of trade being carried on upon more favourable conditions, and it will attract more pleasure travelling. True, the margin of profits will be lessened, and consequently to earn the same amount of money a greater expenditure will have to be incurred; but still, provided the large income is assured, in the long run it can hardly be doubted that the Railway Companies will benefit. As regards the new half-year upon which we have entered, the probability is not great that the earnings of the Companies will so increase as to allow of augmented dividends. Trade, as we have said, is believed to be improving all over the country, but the improvement is likely to be slow and gradual. Within the current six months, therefore, we can hardly reckon upon such an increase of prosperity as will counteract the tendency towards lower rates and fares, and enable the Railway Companies to increase their dividends.

CHURCH DEFENCE

THE annual meeting of the Church Defence Institution on Tuesday last was memorable, as well for the fact as for the substance of the principal speeches delivered, and for the record presented of the present position of the disestablishment controversy. The presence indeed of such well known and tried supporters of the Church as Lord Egerton of Tatton, who took the chair in the absence of Lord Cranborne, Mr. Beresford Hope, Mr. Hubbard, and Mr. Powell, was only natural on such an occasion; but the prominent part taken in the proceedings by Mr. Bosworth Smith—on which we shall have something to say presently—was remarkable as well for what he said as for his being the person to say it. For the moment no doubt the agitation which seemed to be assuming formidable proportions last autumn has been completely quelled; the disestablishment party have been beaten all along the line, and the great Minister, whose ambiguous utterances and notorious "openness of mind" to new ideas—if indeed this be a new idea to him—had helped to intensify the alarm felt in many

quarters, has been constrained to retire from a post he is hardly likely, all things considered, to occupy again. This discomfiture of the assailing party is unquestionably due in great part, as more than one speaker pointed out last Tuesday, to a revived zeal on the part of the champions of the Church. There was a time, well within living memory, when it had almost become a proverb that the enemies of the Church hated her like the devil, while her friends (in Parliament) loved her less than their dinner. That period of apathy at all events is past. As it was observed not long ago, "the Church of England has become interesting," and genuine interest about an individual or a society can hardly fail to prove a source of strength. What is exemplified in one section of the community by the English Church Union, and in another by the Church of England Working-men's Society, attests at least as much as this—that the Established Church is capable of rousing a real enthusiasm among the laity, as well, to adopt Mr. Gladstone's formula, of the "classes" as of the "masses." It is no longer in danger, as used once to be said, "of dying of dignity." Of dignity, indeed, in the old-fashioned sense it has less than in the last century, when it expelled, but could not assimilate, the vulgar zeal of the Wesleyan reformers; but of influence it has very much more. And for social and political—not to speak here of spiritual—ends influence is the more serviceable of the two. The late Pope was once reported to have described Mr. Gladstone—at the time his *Vaticanism* appeared—as "the serpent attacking the ship of the Church." The metaphor was rather an odd one, but if we may apply it to the assailants of the Established Church in this country, we must add that the snake is scotched but not killed. There is ground for congratulation, but not for assurance; the battle is won, but the war is not over yet. And it is important to apprehend distinctly, in so practical a matter, exactly what this means. It means in a word that it is quite right "to be thankful"—as a *Te Deum* is often sung after a great victory—but that it is neither right nor safe "to rest."

This double appreciation of the actual state of things was plainly marked in the two principal speeches delivered at the meeting of Tuesday last. The chairman dwelt especially on the fear which had been felt last year lest the citadel should be taken by surprise. It was felt that a disestablishment cry might suddenly be started and spread by unscrupulous schemers among the newly enfranchised and very imperfectly instructed electors, and might induce them to return a majority by whose aid a measure difficult to arrest at the last stage, and still more difficult to reverse if once passed, might be "rushed" through the House of Commons. For there are no such special provisions, be it remembered, in the English as in the American Constitution for delaying any sudden change of a fundamental kind till the nation has had full opportunity for arriving at a mature and deliberate judgment upon it. A similar fear was of course notoriously prevalent in reference to the Disruption scheme so abruptly sprung on Parliament and then on the electorate. And Lord Egerton was probably quite right in thinking, not only that there was a natural congruity between the two Disruption schemes—that is obvious on the surface—but that a sense of this ominous congruity helped to unite the defenders of the integrity of the Empire and of the National Church. The result at all events has been to return a Parliament resolutely opposed to the dissolution of either one or the other, and which may fairly be described as more likely to be favourable than any recently elected to the interests of the Church, though it will be prudent not to reckon too much on any positive as distinct from negative services that may be expected from it. The old Greek proverb suggests the best advice Churchmen can impress on their political allies—"Touch not Camarina, for it is better left alone."

Mr. Bosworth Smith's speech was remarkable in itself, and as coming from him. He has generally been regarded as himself an extreme Liberal in politics, and inclining to what are called "very broad" views in religion. It is then the more noteworthy that he should speak as strongly as he did, both of the religious and social benefits conferred on the country by the Established Church. He justly called attention to the combined virulence arrayed against it of extreme democrats, of Nonconformists differing from each other as widely as from the Church, and of "the vast residuum who hate all religion because of its elevating and rebuking power." It was on this last ground that Dr. Döllinger observed last year, with his wonted discernment, that disestablishment would be a heavy blow to the cause of religion—directly in England, and indirectly throughout Europe. Mr. Smith very pertinently dwelt on the strangeness of this unnatural union between religious Nonconformists and those who hate all religion, "friends of the people" attacking what is now at least not only in name but in fact the Church of the people, and philanthropists and social reformers attacking "a Church which is doing and may yet continue to do more for the people than all the other institutions of the country put together." And still more inexplicable does this unnatural alliance appear to him at a time when the Church is energetically engaged in freeing herself from past abuses, and has exhibited so wonderful a revival of spiritual life in every department. He concluded, however, with a practical warning and suggestion which those concerned will do well to lay to heart in good time. He anticipates with reason that, when once the Irish question is disposed of, a dead set will be made against the Established Church, and he insists, truly enough, that what the Liberationists chiefly rely on is the ignorance of the great mass of new voters, whom moreover they take all the means at their command to mislead. The obvious remedy for this

is to seize all available opportunities—not of course by preaching “political sermons”—to enlighten them on the true state of the case. The matter is one that may fairly be commended to the notice of the active and ubiquitous Primrose League, to which Lord Salisbury attributes so large a share in the result of the late elections. They may easily bring home to the mind of Hodge that his real interest does not lie on the side of disestablishment.

Meanwhile a voice has sounded from the North, urging what might, if practicable, be a great gain in a religious sense, but what none the less will strike most people as rather a paradoxical suggestion for strengthening the Established Church of Scotland, as such; and Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews—elder brother of the late Bishop of Lincoln—evidently has at heart the interests of the Established Church as well as of his own, and the religious condition of the Scottish nation generally. There is no logical answer certainly to the statement he quotes from Mr. Goldwin Smith, that the State, by “establishing one religion on the north and another on the south of the Tweed” at the time of the Union, “accepted an absurd and fundamentally sceptical position.” And he may very possibly be right in believing that the establishment of Presbyterianism exercises an injurious political influence, and has done much to intensify the democratic spirit of the nation. At the same time he does not, if we rightly understand him, at all wish for Disestablishment in Scotland; he prefers the establishment of the Kirk to none at all. But he argues that it would be an immense advantage, not only on political, but above all on religious grounds, if the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches in Scotland could be united, on the basis presumably of their common acceptance of episcopacy. It is true no doubt that all sincere Christians must desire to see religious unity take the place of “our unhappy divisions,” but it does not follow that the “devout imagination” of Bishop Wordsworth offers a feasible method of attaining that desirable end in Scotland. That there are many ministers and educated members of the Presbyterian Establishment who would not be sorry to welcome a system much more akin to Anglicanism than their present one we can readily believe. But that “the prejudice against episcopacy is dying out” among the general body of the people we do not believe, and the stubborn force of religious prejudice in Scotland may be gauged by the obstinate virulence of the antagonism between the rival Presbyterian communities—the Established and the Free Kirk—which acknowledge the same Confession of Faith, and do not differ by a hair’s-breadth on any single point of doctrine or Church government. Nor is there any controversy between them as to the abstract principle of establishment, which they both firmly hold; the Secessionists broke off forty years ago, not because establishment was wrong in itself—it was essentially right—but on the wholly distinct and perfectly intelligible ground that the existing conditions of establishment imposed on the Scotch Kirk were incompatible with the spiritual independence belonging to it by right as a divine Society. Well; these unlawful conditions have been abrogated since, and the point on which the Secession was based has been absolutely conceded by the State; yet the Seceders refuse to return to the Establishment. Except for the too familiar fact that strife is often sharpest where the ground of difference is slightest, their continued antagonism would be past all understanding. But so it is, and does Bishop Wordsworth himself believe that this bitterness would be relaxed or the return of the Seceders to the parent Church be made easier if it adopted episcopacy? We trow not. Charles II. said long ago that Presbyterianism was “no religion for a gentleman,” and in fact gentlemen have very generally preferred to hold aloof from it. There is a sprinkling of Roman Catholics and a great deal more than a sprinkling of Episcopalians among the Scottish lairds, but nevertheless the popular religion still eschews both Pope and Prelate. The time may come when it will be otherwise, but it has not come yet; and Bishop Wordsworth must be very sanguine if he expects to witness such a consummation in the Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria.

“TO CORRESPONDENTS.”

I CANNOT send the old cards,
Those cards that came so dear,
As even post-cards will, you know,
At thousands by the year.
I cannot send the old cards,
I don’t see why I should
Now I am out of Downing Street,
Though not, I hope, for good.
When I was there, I managed it
By keeping from their beds
Two private secretaries with
Wet towels round their heads.
Pinches of “Irish blackguard” chased
Invading sleep away,
Green Hyson braced their jaded nerves
Until the dawn of day.
And thus we got, by dint combined
Of staying power and pace,
Our twenty thousand answers done
Within each yearly space.

But now no cleric staff have I,
Nor can I spare the time,
Or give my new-won freedom up
To efforts so sublime.
I shall not send the old cards,
To that I beg to call
My correspondents’ notice here
Distinctly, once for all.
Whoever seeks to learn my mind
On that transaction dark,
The Act of Union, will find
No answering remark.
The Tory foreign policy
I’ll not again deplore,
Lord Beaconsfield and his career
I comment on no more.
On Homer “drawn” I will not be
(Take special note of this),
Nor shall wild asses drag from me
My views on Genesis.
Conundrums once so deftly solved,
Will now get no reply,
Nor will I undertake to read
The five-act tragedy.
No manuscripts will I return,
For that let no man hope,
E’en though they reach me with a stamped
Directed envelope.
(For in a glass of water soaked
Its affix gummed ‘twill yield:
Many new letters may be franked
With stamps adroitly peeled.)
I will not send the old cards;
Let correspondents make,
On that entirely settled point,
In future no mistake.
And if the letters they may send
Gain no reply from me,
I humbly beg them not to think
I fail in courtesy.
Should I say nought—let them on that
Only discern, I pray,
A novel sequence from the fact
That I have nought to say.

REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF AMERICA.—VOL. III.*

IN dealing with the English explorations and settlements in North America Mr. Winsor and his staff have had to grapple with a subject as intricate as it is attractive. Almost every stage in the story presents some points of difficulty, and so far the subject exactly suits the plan of their work; it affords many occasions for critical remarks. At the same time, although this volume of the History is of the same goodly size as the one that preceded it, it is too small for what has been attempted here, and interest and completeness of treatment are constantly sacrificed to the exigencies of space. Many matters of first-rate importance, such as the religious struggles in Massachusetts and the Pequot War, are virtually passed over; the outlines of the history are given generally with extreme care, for the filling in we are too often simply sent to other books, many of them not easily to be met with, and while the narrative portion of the work occupies a larger number of pages than in the second volume, some of the chapters are so compressed as to be simply crushing to the spirit. Nor are uniformity of treatment and equality in other respects so apparent as to make it probable that Mr. Winsor’s undertaking will lead historians generally to adopt the co-operative system. Nevertheless, when some allowance is made for the conditions imposed by the editor, no one will hesitate to acknowledge that the volume before us contains an admirable account of the various discoveries and early attempts at colonization made by the English adventurers, and a careful description of the foundation of the colonies and of their relations towards their rulers up to the Revolution of 1689. In his chapter and critical essay on the Cabots Dr. Deane points out the reasons for ascribing the discovery of North America to John Cabot rather than to his son Sebastian, and distinguishes with as much clearness as the uncertainty of the subject allows between the two famous Bristol expeditions. Considerable space is devoted to the question of Sebastian Cabot’s birthplace, and Dr. Deane unhesitatingly rejects the claim of Bristol. As a book of this sort is nothing if it is not scholarly, we must remark in passing that he should not speak of Bristol as a city in 1495. The grounds on which he rests his decision are, briefly,

* *English Explorations and Settlements in North America, 1497-1689: Narrative and Critical History of America.* Edited by Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University. Vol. III. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

the assertion of Peter Martyr, who calls Cabot "genere Venetus," and says that he was taken to England when "pene infans"; the report given by Ramusio, the compiler of the *Navigazioni*, a Venetian official, be it remembered, of what he had been told Cabot had said in a conversation which took place some years before, namely, that he came from Venice to England when very young, "yet having some knowledge of the humanities and of the sphere"; and, lastly, Cabot's direct statement to Contarini, the Venetian ambassador, made at the time he was secretly soliciting the Venetians to employ him, "I was born in Venice, but brought up in England." We need not do more than observe that in each case an end was served by the assertion of Cabot's Venetian birth. On the other hand, in his old age he told his friend Richard Eden that he "was born in Brystowe, and that at iiiii years old he was carried with his father to Venice, and so returned again into England with his father after certain years, whereby he was thought to have been born in Venice." Dr. Deane sneers at Eden as a "bad interviewer," and asks why he "did not hand in a list of questions," with other poor stuff of the same sort. Eden was perhaps not so smart as a young man on a New York paper, but he was a gentleman and a scholar, and tried according to his lights to find out the truth. Moreover, what he says fits in with what Ramusio tells us of Cabot's attainments at the time of his coming to England, while the assertion that Cabot was born at Bristol is confirmed by Stow writing from some MS. of Fabian that is now lost, by Edward Haies who wrote in 1583, and by the inscription on the so-called Holbein portrait. It is not a case for dogmatizing on either side. There can be no doubt that "the good old man," like some other old men of later days, occasionally changed his birthplace to suit his convenience, and we are unable to see that Dr. Deane has shown cause for rejecting the story that he was born at Bristol. Dr. Hale, in his chapter on Hawkins and Drake, passes lightly by the questions connected with the execution of Doughty, and no attempt is made by the editor in his "Notes on the sources of information to examine the different accounts we have of that famous incident." On the other hand, Drake's discovery of the Oregon coast, which is more germane to the matter in hand, is well brought out; and a critical essay presents the reasons for believing that the name of the bay of San Francisco should preserve the memory of the English seaman rather than of the Italian saint. As Mr. C. Smith deals with the exploits of the voyagers to the North-West, from Froisher to James, in very few pages, it is enough to say that he has done the best he could with his subject considering the space which we suppose was meted out for him. In an appreciative account of the work of Raleigh (we adopt the spelling of the name used in the volume before us), Mr. Henry points out that, though his attempts to colonize Roanoke Island and Chesapeake Bay failed, "it was his genius that created the spirit of colonization that led to the successful settlement upon that bay." This brings us to the story of the colonization of Virginia, which is told by Mr. Brock from the great starting-point, the creation of the London and Plymouth Companies in 1606, to the time of peace that followed the suppression of Bacon's rebellion. Dr. Da Costa contributes a clearly written and remarkably interesting chapter on the exploration of Norumbega, the New England of after-days. It was this land that Sir Humphrey Gilbert sought to reach in the voyage from which he never returned. Pring, who was sent out there by the Bristol merchants in 1603, landed in a "great gulf," first identified by Dr. Da Costa with Plymouth Bay, and there met with adventures that may be read in his own Relation in the fourth volume of Purchas. In spite of the exertions of Popham, no effectual colony was planted in New England until the Separatist emigrants landed in the bay explored by the Bristol captain.

Before entering on the history of the Plymouth colony we have a long chapter by Mr. G. E. Ellis on Puritans and Separatists in England. Putting in much that has nothing to do with his subject, and leaving out nearly everything that he should have put in, making few definite statements and blundering in several of them, Mr. Ellis gives us a noteworthy specimen of the ignorance of ecclesiastical history that passes for knowledge in Congregationalist lecture-rooms. By way of showing the origin of the Church of England he says that "the year 600 is assigned as the date when Gregory I. put Augustine over the British Church." We will not attempt to fathom the depth of ignorance this sentence displays, and pass on to his announcement that, up to the reign of Henry VIII., "the headship of the Pope was acknowledged in the line of monarchs." Our kings, who thus reigned in virtue of some Papal decree, ruled according to the Papal will, for we are told that the Pope "exercised a supremacy both in civil and in ecclesiastical affairs in the realm." During this period there was, of course, no Church of England. We have left St. Augustin and his successors presiding over a schismatical Church, and so need not marvel at being told that Henry VIII. "had to provide a substitute Church." The new monster born by the King's will was two-headed, for "Henry and the Parliament assumed the headship" of it. As far as the King was concerned, however, "some of the clergy," a queer description of the Convocation of Canterbury, demanded that his new title should be qualified by the addition of the words "as far as is agreeable to the laws (sic) of Christ." Among the consequences of the royal supremacy we read that "the Thirty-nine Articles were imposed not either by Convocation or Parliament." Mr. Ellis should have added a note explaining the proceedings of Convocation in 1562 and the Act 13 Eliz. c. 12. Another con-

sequence was that "all loyal people became Separatists." We were not aware that Henry VIII. compelled any one to leave the Church of England on pain of suffering as a traitor. If so, things seem to have mended under Edward VI., for "no one suffered to the death for religion" in his reign. Another note is needed on the cases of Joan Bocher and Van Parre. In what Mr. Ellis says on matters that have a closer connexion with his subject we have only space to notice that he is ludicrously positive in expressing his agreement with Dr. Dexter's opinion that the Martin Marprelate tracts were written by Barrow. Although we believe that there is good reason for thinking otherwise, this, of course, is not a matter that is capable of proof. As, however, he has given what he calls a "critical essay on the sources of information," he should not have omitted to refer the reader to Mr. Arber's valuable *Introduction to the Marprelate Controversy*, where the reasons for refusing to accept Dr. Dexter's theory are clearly stated. We must not delay longer over this precious production, except to remark that, if the most judicious editor cannot keep a chapter of this sort out of a co-operative History, we hope that the historians of the Old World will still go on working in their old way. A chapter by Professor Dexter on the "Pilgrim Church and the Plymouth Colony," written in a moderate and business-like spirit, suffers somewhat from compression, especially towards the end. Dr. Deane, to whom the chapter on New England has been entrusted, has also evidently had to wrestle with want of space. The perplexing details he gives of grants of patents and of the quarrels between various Companies and others are perhaps necessary to the plan of the book, and will be useful for purposes of reference, for he writes as a master of his subject. At the same time they crowd out matters of far greater interest. His critical essay is an admirable piece of work. Some unfortunate errors detract from the value of Mr. J. A. Stevens's account of the English in New York. The Navigation Act of 1660, for example, was not passed by the "Protestant Commonwealth"; he has confused the Act of 1651 with the "Charta Maritima," as it used to be called, 12 Car. ii. c. 18. Again, the terms on which Louis XIV. proposed to mediate between the English and the Dutch are wrongly stated, and the mistake has an important bearing on the subject in hand. The Jerseys are dealt with by Mr. Whitehead, and the founding of Pennsylvania by Mr. Stone. Lastly, an excellent account is given by Mr. Brantly of the enlightened policy adopted by Lord Baltimore in Maryland. A Roman Catholic, and intending his colony to be a place of refuge for his fellow-Catholics, he offered all who would settle there the enjoyment of equal rights; and, "while the annals of the other colonies of the New World were being stained with the record of crimes committed in the name of religion, in Maryland the doctrine of religious liberty was clearly proclaimed and practised." It only remains to notice that this volume, like its predecessor, is beautifully got up, and that among the numerous illustrations with which it is furnished the reproductions of old maps are of the highest interest and value.

FIVE NOVELS.*

THE fertility of Mr. Louis Stevenson's invention rarely flags, and he seems quite incapable of writing himself out. *Kidnapped* is as fresh and strong, as thorough in workmanship and well sustained in interest, as anything which he has yet given to the world, *Treasure Island* itself not excepted. If the style should seem somewhat laboriously precise, sufficient explanation may be found in the fact that David Balfour's adventures are supposed to be narrated by himself, who is something of a precisian. They are, we need scarcely say, of a stirring kind, and include a voyage, a shipwreck, and a good deal of wandering through the Highlands, together with a reasonable admixture of bloodshed. The author of David's misfortunes is his uncle, who has robbed him of his property, and tries to put him out of the way. For this purpose David is delivered at Queensferry to the very villainous captain of a brig, who is charged to sell him as a slave in the Carolinas. But the brig, after being driven round Scotland, is wrecked off the coast of Mull, and David eventually finds his way on foot, at the imminent risk of his life, back to the place where he was kidnapped. How justice was finally done must be discovered in the book itself. Apart from the force and vigour of the narrative, which seldom falls below the highest level, and the wonderful description of the Highlands just after the last Jacobite rebellion, the chief interest of the book lies in the characters of David Balfour, the hero, and Alan Breck Stewart, whose life he saves on board the *Covenant*, and with whom he painfully finds his way across Scotland.

* *Kidnapped*; being *Memoirs of the Adventures of David Balfour in the year 1751*. By Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Cassell & Co.

Still a Wife's Sister. A Novel. By A. E. Schötel. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

A Life's Trouble: a Story of the Nineteenth Century. By Melville Gray, Author of "Light after Darkness," "Eva's Temptation," &c. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

Hester's Venture. By the Author of "The Atelier du Lys," "In the Olden Time," "On the Edge of the Storm," &c. 3 vols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Living or Dead. A Novel. By Hugh Conway, Author of "A Family Affair," "Called Back," "Dark Days," &c. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

David is a Lowlander and a Whig, Alan is a Jacobite and a Highlander. The contrast is amusing, though the points of resemblance are perhaps exaggerated and the points of difference too much ignored. Alan, after all, is a plain type of the brave, reckless, impulsive, lawless "Hieland shentleman," whose pride in his French clothes is, it must be confessed, a trifle wearisome. David Balfour is a distinct creation, and will live. If Sir Walter could revisit the glimpses of the moon, and read *Kidnapped* by their light, that great man would acknowledge, with his characteristic excess of generosity, that David Balfour was worthy to rank with Alan Fairford. It would be ridiculous to name Alan Breck Stewart in the same breath with Rob Roy. The best scene between David and Alan—perhaps the best scene in the book—is that which follows the murder of Colin Campbell, the "Red Fox." At first David believed that Alan had done it, and on Alan solemnly denying the accusation upon "the holy iron," there ensued a conversation which, as Mr. Stevenson would say, is worth setting down. "Do you know that man in the black coat?" "I have nae clear mind about his coat," said Alan, cunningly; "but it sticks in my head that it was blue." "Blue or black, did ye know him?" said I. "I couldnae just conscientiously swear to him," says Alan. "He gaed very close by me, to be sure; but it's a strange thing that I should just have been tying my brogues." "Can you swear that you don't know him, Alan?" I cried, half in anger, half in a mind to laugh at his evasions. "Not yet," says he; "but I've a grand memory for forgetting, David." "And yet there was one thing I saw clearly," said I, "and that was that you exposed yourself and me to draw the soldiers." "It's very likely," said Alan; "and so would any gentleman. You and me were innocent of that transaction." "The better reason, since we are falsely suspected, that we should get clear," I cried. "The innocent should surely come before the guilty." "Why, David," said he, "the innocent have aye a chance to get assailed in Court; but for the lad that shot the bullet, I think the best place for him will be the heather. Them that havena dipped their hands in any little difficulty should be very mindful of the case of them that have. And that is the good Christianity. For if it was the other way round about, and the lad whom I couldnae just clearly see had been in our shoes, and we in his (as might very well have been), I think we would be a good deal obliged to him ourself if he would draw the soldiers." No one can read this admirable, and no doubt essentially truthful, dialogue without thinking of Ireland, and making his own reflections. We cannot regard the voyage of the *Covenant* as by any means equal to the account of David Balfour's travels by land. Mr. Stevenson describes with lucid power the worst sort of British sailor, a compound of rum, cruelty, and piratical instincts. But he has performed this feat once for all in *Treasure Island*, and even if the performance were worth repeating, Captain Hoseason, or Mr. Shuan, pales before the more consummate wickedness of John Silver. Marryat, to whom Mr. Stevenson, especially in *The Dynamiter*, is much indebted, had more regard for the proper limitations of art. On the other hand, for knavery of an uncanny kind, commend us to the blind catechist whom David met on his walk to Torosay. The portrait of Cluny Macpherson, in whose "cage" on Ben Alder David and Alan took refuge, is a masterpiece, too, in its way. David, being completely prostrated by his travels, Cluny and Alan fall to at "the cartes," and in the course of their game all the money of the travellers, chiefly David's, disappears. Cluny at once offers to return it, but David is at first unwilling.

"I am a young man," said I, "and I ask your advice. Advise me as you would your son. My friend fairly lost this money, after having fairly gained a far greater sum of yours; can I accept it back again? Would that be the right part for me to play? Whatever I do, you can see for yourself it must be hard upon a man of any pride." "It is rather hard upon me, too, Mr. Balfour," said Cluny, "and ye give me very much the look of a man that has entrapped poor people to their hurt. I wouldnae have my friends come to any house of mine to accept affronts. No," he cried, with a sudden heat of anger, "nor yet to give them." "And so you see, sir," said I, "there is something to be said upon my side; and this gambling is a very poor employ for gentlefolks. But I am still waiting your opinion." I am sure if ever Cluny hated any man it was David Balfour. He looked me all over with a warlike eye, and I saw the challenge at his lips. But either my youth disarmed him or perhaps his own sense of justice. Certainly it was a mortifying matter for all concerned, and not least for Cluny; the more credit that he took it as he did. "Mr. Balfour," said he, "I think you are too nice and covenanting; but, for all that, you have the spirit of a very pretty gentleman. Upon my honest word, ye may take this money—it's what I would tell my son—and here's my hand along with it."

David's endurance and pluck are at least equal to Alan's, and the descriptions of his physical fatigue in the flight through the heather are most heartrending. Very vivid and graphic they are too, and in their less distressing aspect they may be compared with the account of Levine's amateur mowing in *Anna Karenine*. There is only one complete failure in *Kidnapped*, and that is the wicked old uncle, Ebenezer Balfour, the merest shadow and simulacrum of a wicked uncle. There is no love in the story, which will perhaps make it the more popular with boys, helping them to tolerate the map and the geographical information. We hope that it will not be long before Mr. Stevenson fulfils his conditional promise to continue the history of David and Alan.

On the 330th page of the third volume of *Still a Wife's Sister* some slight glimmering is thrown upon the meaning of the title. It is given by the hero, Clement Leigh, who thus addresses the heroine, his cousin and sister-in-law:—"Think you that a law is unalterable made against the laws of God and nature's dictates?"

See you not signs that the long-enduring Briton is at last roused to indignation at an injustice, and no obstacle in law will soon exist; but there are means to evade the law and yet be within the pale of society." We are still at a loss to know whether the author thinks that in countries where a man is allowed to marry his wife's sister she ceases to be his wife's sister, or what else the title may precisely signify. But at least there can be no doubt that this longest and dreariest of narratives leads up to nothing more original than that hardy annual the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. Clement's confident anticipations, like those of Adhémar in M. Sardou's lively farce, are doomed to be disappointed. As he epigrammatically puts it, "the Lords lord over us still in this year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three," and "the Bishops hang together on the plea of ancient usage," instead of being hanged together in the name of modern enlightenment. But for the last twenty out of the thousand and odd pages of which this book consists it would be impossible to say why it was written, and even they seem to us to form an insufficient excuse for the rash act. Lovers of genealogical puzzles and students of "English as she spoke," may indeed find delight in these volumes. Other readers are warned off. Thyra, who finally leaves England for Germany with her deceased sister's husband, adopts for some years the designation of Sister Seraph, and becomes dead to the world whenever there is nothing particular going on. She steadily refuses Clement until union with him acquires the spice of illegality, and flirts in an aimless pedantic way with a lawyer who is called "Doctor," like Dr. Kenealy, Dr. Commings, and Dr. Pankhurst, and who signs himself "Penson," like a peer or a town-clerk. Lord Ambras, on the other hand, adopts the signature of "Horace Leigh," which is a little confusing. Dr. Penson, in spite of being tedious and long-winded to an inordinate degree, is a lady's man. He had disposed of three Mrs. Pensons before the story opens, but "the widower of three widowhoods was not insensible to the charms" of Gertrude Austin. "He was not a romantic old boy; yet he was seeking a fourth Mrs. Penson, and his mind and heart were rising from one to another, which assured him he had not yet been smitten by the right charmer that he could make his prize." This unromantic old boy was employed by Clement to make love to Thyra. But Thyra was then in love with the Rev. Alexander Austin, otherwise "Brother Alex," who swears by his beard, and afterwards becomes a Trappist. Caught in a storm with all her admirers, Thyra "swoons," and on coming to herself exclaims "Where is Alexander?" Thereupon Clement decamps, feeling, as he beautifully and idiomatically puts it, "the reverse of a jolly ape." Thyra had previously addressed him in an "imperant" tone, whatever that may be. Dr. Penson and Clement take a trip to Paraguay, where they meet an outrageous bore known as "the chief," who greets every remark with "Quite the answer I expected," and whose relationship with the other characters in the book may be investigated by the curious. "When I have a sad tale to relate or con over," says the chief, alias Ernest Neville, "I seek my grotto; I invite you now to join me." And the attractive invitation is accepted. Thyra gets another lover, Colonel Neville, who refers gracefully to her literary labours—for Thyra was an author—and says, with the tact and courtesy which distinguish him, "I am getting jealous of that pen, and I have half made up my mind to well fee a critic to unmercifully handle your next work. Of all pride, literary pride is the most offensive to me." Thyra's sister Kathleen, the first wife of Clement, is spirited away to France by her cousin Percy, son of Lord Dordt, who appears, so far as we can make out, to be brother of Lord Ambras, Clement's uncle. Kathleen, after incredible adventures, including forcible detention in the lunatic ward of a convent, is poisoned, and Percy is shot, not dead, but blind, by Clement in a duel. "It must be stated that Percy was a coward as to his personal safety; he dreaded having his eye-teeth drawn," and indeed very few of us like it. He is very much afraid that Clement will shoot him, but comforts himself with the thought that he will only be slapped in the face, which he is conscious that he has "richly deserved." But that will not enable him to marry Kathleen, or "Kitten." "When Percy cooled into second reflections, he was not a little annoyed that the public buff [sic] on the face would not free Kitten from her marriage vow"—a fact which strikes one as rather obvious than obscure. But the true charm of *Still a Wife's Sister* can be given in no language except the author's own, and what that is we cannot pretend to say. After Dr. Penson's fourth marriage, he unconsciously listens to a sermon written for money by his wife in the days of her maidenhood. "She asked naively if the sermon was approved by Dr. Penson. He remarked the sentiments were suited to all conditions of men of all climes, offending no creeds; thankfulness for all mercies received was the gratitude of a sentient being to the Deity, and was well arranged by the divine who promised well, as he appeared very early in his years of youth." The book positively swarms with passages which remind one of the immortal work for the Portuguese. Such are the following:—"There is little reason in Thyra attiring in costume beyond the requirement of the occasion." "Yes, dear, all is told, and the bren is severe." "I look upon the unity of parties possible." "The ode was written to a cruel beauty before the Christian era some years." "Marking her loss of brother only by a crape band around her arm as a sign of mourning." "As easy to make a Swissman live as an Irishman as the latter thrifty as the former." "It is quite impossible to say so many trite [sic] things and originate such happy ideas

by chance." It is rather shocking to hear that Norway is "very pleasant for men who fish and shoot ducks, and their wives." What is a "dear little evil-unthinking" creature? "Percy resumed the disguise of wig" is enough to make even a wig stand on end. "Penal punishment" seems a little excessive. But never since the days of the great Captain Boldwig, who found Mr. Pickwick in the barrow, has such an ejaculation been heard as that of Clement after the duel. "Wheel me away anywhere far from the haunts of men," said Clement. To which his companion replied, "Name where." On one occasion "an appetitious breakfast" was set before Clement. The author's French is on a par with his English. *Mon chère père* may be the printer, though in the circumstances we doubt it. But what of Gertrude taking time "to adjust her bonnet before the glass, and make it *va bien*"? That is as much French as "oi-polloi" is Greek. Of the author's Latin a single specimen must suffice. "If you object to accept this on my *ipse dixit* alone, I can give you the *ipissima verba* of facts in Malta." But perhaps the most perfect gem from a book written throughout in English which a Jamaica negro might envy is the "MS. poem by Charles Schlötel," addressed to Hope, from which we can only quote a single couplet:—

When the tempest lowers and ocean waves [sic],
Should'st thou inspire the seaman's troubled breast.

If A. E. Schlötel ever writes a book again, she had better not write it in the lingo of this benighted isle, round which, as she would say, the ocean ever waves.

A Life's Trouble is both a foolish and a painful book. A young lady who throws a plate at her sister's head and then confesses to an Anglican priest is unfit to be the heroine of even a Sunday-school story, and when consumption carries her off every judicious reader must rejoice. Unfortunately, however, that welcome event is delayed till the last pages of a rapid and hysterical story. Melville Gray appears to be one of those writers who, with the best intentions, make all religion odious to the young. She must be congratulated, however, on having drawn the most offensive portrait of an English clergyman which it has ever been our lot to encounter. The combined efforts of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Bradlaugh could produce nothing more contemptible than the Reverend Herbert Chantry. One specimen of him will suffice. Ethel Ord, whose worst trouble in life was getting mixed up with that pragmatical priest, became engaged to Hugh Leslie. Hugh was not an orthodox Churchman, and Mr. Chantry forbade Ethel to marry him. "I cannot communicate you if you do," he said, as though she were an infectious disease. Hugh Leslie, who is rather nice, as "infidels" in tracts usually are, dies; and Ethel's father is ruined by the failure of a bank. These events, and a serious illness of her own, withdraw Ethel from her life's work, which in Mr. Chantry's opinion was to save him the expense of a curate. When she is convalescent they meet, and the following dialogue takes place:—"How do you do?" he said; "I have been from home, or I should have been to see you. I hear you have been ill." "Yes," said Ethel. "All right again, then? You don't look very bad. A little pale, I think." "I have had a great trouble, and I feel anything but strong yet." "One should not be always brooding over trials; it is very morbid," he said. "What have you been doing with yourself?" "I was telegraphed for to go to Bournemouth. Mr. Leslie is dead." She spoke very quietly. "Oh! dead, did you say? I cannot grieve with you for that." And then he added, "If he's dead, he's dead, and there's an end of him"; and without another word he was gone. A creature so far below the level of an honest man's boot has not often been introduced into fiction. But there is an element of the comic in his exit from the story, which may be taken as some set-off against his cowardly brutality. He marries privately, and leaves the country. "His decision on this matter was a wise one. Having, during the twenty-five years in which he had ministered to the people of Aylesbury, so constantly preached against the marriage of the clergy, his position would, in all probability, have suffered from his changed attitude, and the apparent disregard of his own principles would have ruined his influence amongst the laity." If there is one word in this beautiful passage which we admire more than another, it is the word "apparent." There is little more to be said about a limping tale, in which undergraduates of twenty-four attend "garden fêtes," high polite, we presume, for garden parties. But it is to decline on a lower range of feeling to find a young gentleman asking himself, in the watches of the night, "Whatever is it?" Melville Gray is seldom felicitous. But perhaps she is least happy in quotation. By the alteration of a single word she makes nonsense of one of the loveliest passages in Burns. But in that error she only follows Mr. Froude, and perhaps Melville Gray is imperfectly acquainted with the works of the secular poets. She ought, however, to know her Keble and her Prayer-Book, and she knows neither. "Who giveth this woman unto this man?" is not a correct citation from the Marriage Service, while the following would have made the author of the *Christian Year* stare and gasp:—"Not e'en the heart that's nearest our own knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh." We read that on one occasion the voice of Gerald Ord "visibly trembled." Since Sir Richard Cross "heard an honourable member smile" there has been nothing quite equal to that.

Hester Torrington, of *Hester's Venture*, is a young lady who takes lodgings with an actress, to learn the art of wood-engraving in London. That is her venture, and though it is not altogether successful, it leads to a satisfactory marriage on

the part of the heroine. Hester is brought up by her grandmother, who has seen better days, in a small house at a seaside town. Then her brother, who has married, discovers coal, and is able to reinhabit the ancestral manor, whither Mrs. Torrington and her granddaughter are persuaded to transfer themselves. Mrs. John Torrington, however, is vulgar, jealous, and ill-tempered, her husband is a weak, conceited fool, and Hester is driven from the house by her sister-in-law's insolence. A wealthy German, the benevolent genius of St. Petrox, had provided the town, among other things, with a theatre, at which Olivia Vane astonished Hester by her rendering of the part of Desdemona. Mrs. Torrington afterwards received Miss Vane, who had fallen ill, as a convalescent guest, and it is with Miss Vane that Hester takes up her abode in Maddox Street. Then she learns to distinguish between the good young man and the bad young man of the book, which is of more importance to her than even wood-engraving, though, as it would seem to the unprejudiced reader, much less difficult. *Hester's Venture* is a charming story, with which it is not easy nor tempting to find fault. Hester herself, a fresh, intelligent, and refined girl, deserves a good husband, and gets one. Olivia Vane is drawn with delicacy and skill, and her stepfather, the grumbling, unappreciated old actor, who always says to every pupil, "The Kembles were great pausers, sir," is equally good. But the author is a little too anxious to prove that members of the dramatic profession are not less than human, whereas the superstition of the day believes them to be more. There is indeed throughout the book a somewhat exaggerated emphasis on social distinctions. Sarah Torrington caricatures even Mr. Matthew Arnold's view of provincial nonconformity. We are reminded a little too often that Mrs. Torrington was a lady of ancient family, and that Lady Elizabeth Yorke was not made to look like an ordinary person even by shabby clothes. Herr Müllner, the German millionaire, who insists upon furnishing St. Petrox with amusement, as well as with drains and markets, is an admirable specimen of what John Torrington, with a rare gleam of wit, calls "the self-made man who worships his creator." The strongest thing in the story, a story not otherwise very strong, is the development of the latent forces in Olivia Vane's character. Miss Vane's exit is not beautiful, nor does it attain to the dignity of tragedy. And it is natural, as well as artistic, for Olivia was no bread-and-butter miss, though she could act that part among others. *Hester's Venture* is a tale of the kind which used to be called "sweetly pretty," and it cannot be recommended to the lovers of sensation and adventure. But the simplicity and purity of the style are in keeping with the pleasant and placid flow of the narrative. In its merits and in its defects, *Hester's Venture* is emphatically a lady's book.

The posthumous fertility of Hugh Conway has become a stock subject with reviewers. He must have left miles of manuscript or undiscovered print behind him, and there is no reason to suppose that his accumulated stores are as yet nearly exhausted. *Living or Dead* is full of incident, and is certainly not confined within the prosaic limits of everyday fiction. Hugh Conway was not given to Dutch painting, or to subtle analysis of character. He painted, or rather daubed, in bold strokes, and a character which would pass muster in a Surrey theatre was sufficiently lifelike for him. Nor was he particularly well acquainted with the rules of English composition. Indeed, like Mrs. Squeers, he was no grammarian, and passages from this, the latest heir of his invention, might be profitably corrected by candidates in local examinations. "So few are placed like I was" is a gem of Hugh Conway's own setting, to which these volumes supply many parallels. "I have met hundreds more brilliant men whose words were worth more listening to" is a curiosity in its way. The gentleman who has eyes "without warmth or without truth" must have been, according to the grammatical construction of the words in which he is described, an interesting subject of alternative speculation. "Our mutual friend" of course crops up, a blunder which has long since ceased to possess the charm of novelty. But for these things there are few who care. The great question in *Living or Dead* is whom Captain Chesham kissed at a certain window on a certain evening many years before the story opened. If it was Lady Estmere, then all the friends of that highly respectable female were much deceived. If it was not, then Sir Laurence Estmere made a great fool of himself, behaving also in any case like a brute and a cad. The simplest novel-reader will not have much difficulty in answering the question at a very early period in the narrative, and he will find himself confirmed by the imbecile conduct of the deluded husband. In truth, there never was a more ridiculous plot constructed than this. There is some ingenuity perhaps, a cheap ingenuity, in the description of the steps by which the truth is discovered. But that a man should suddenly leave his wife, and live apart from her for twenty years, because of a mistake in identity, which he would not take the slightest pains to clear up, is an absurdity beyond the license of the most sensational novelist. We do not say that no man would so act, because the actions of some men are unaccountable. A man has been known to kill a child in order that he might be shut up in an asylum for criminal lunatics, from which he would be able to see a windmill. But we deny that the proceedings of lunatics and idiots are the proper subjects of artistic treatment. Sir Laurence Estmere was mad, and mad in a very uninteresting and unattractive way. The artifice by which he was duped would scarcely have deceived an intelligent child, and we cannot conceive its being tolerated on the stage by the most indulgent pit and gallery. There is some brisk and lively writing in *Living or*

Dead, but the whole book is vitiated by the trivial inanity of the "mystery" on which the story turns. The *dramatis personæ* do not redeem the poverty of the narrative. Mr. Grace, the family solicitor, has a tiresome trick of pedantic repetition, such as "by an uphill career I mean an arduous ascent," "in saying extremely glad I mean glad to the extreme," which is not in the least amusing. Lord Rothwell is always talking about his title, and "save with his most intimate friends, looked and acted as much like a nobleman as the most exacting in such matters could demand." This must have been a tedious occupation, and it seems almost a pity that Lord Rothwell did not occasionally vary it by looking into the works of the late Mr. Thackeray, where he would have found something to his advantage. Chesham is a commonplace villain, and of Valentine Estmere it is perhaps enough to say that his strongest passion is for personal jewelry. But people who admire *Called Back* will no doubt find *Living or Dead*, grammar and all, very much to their taste.

LAMB'S LETTERS.*

MR. W. CAREW HAZLITT, the new editor of Charles Lamb's Letters, is very hard upon his predecessor, Mr. Justice Talfourd. His "inaccuracy and slovenliness," says Mr. Hazlitt, "are little less than miraculous"; and he comments severely upon Talfourd's lack of lucidity and ignorance of the laws of English composition. Charges of slovenliness and inaccuracy come a little oddly from Mr. Hazlitt. But, without entering upon this question, it is obvious, from his own preface, that, in the matter of lucidity, he himself is not entirely blameless. Indeed, that amiable but unhappily deceased writer, who, to the terror of letters, amused himself by making an anthology of what he regarded as errors in the English of his contemporaries, might, we think, have considerably increased his collection by a diligent study of "English as she is spoke" by Mr. Talfourd's successor. Here, for instance, is a sentence which is certainly not *per lucidior vitro*:—"This remark was more immediately an outcome from the feared effect of the recent article by Southey in the *Quarterly Review* about Lamb and his writings upon the sale of the *Elia*." Elsewhere Mr. Hazlitt speaks of certain persons "who are almost as utterly forgotten as the men who dug Shakspeare's grave and mended Pharaoh's shoes." Surely that beautiful quality, dear to Mr. Matthew Arnold, should not have permitted us—even for a moment—to regard the cobblers of Pharaoh and the gravediggers of Shakspeare as colleagues and contemporaries! But Mr. Hazlitt's chief achievements seem to lie in the line of mixed metaphor. "Some of these [letters] to the Hazlitts (he says) have within them, too, elements of durability; but the remainder is of a mingled yarn—the lode is neither so thick nor so pure." This conjunction of the loom and mine is not unpleasing; but—to speak in Mr. Hazlitt's style—it will scarcely hold water. Of the tone of Talfourd's commentary his editor tells us that it is "rather too indiscriminate in its laudation of persons—not to say fulsomely euphuistic, and redolent to excess of a benevolent, yet rather lamentable camaraderie." "Redolent to excess of a camaraderie" might have captivated Polonius. Occasionally Mr. Hazlitt's utterances have an unconscious humour. "The Earl's coronet has fallen from him, and from the clerk his official quill; and both stand equal before us"—a sentence which, one knows not why, leaves behind it the impression that, divested of these emblems, the pair must have been reduced to their primitive condition of "forked radishes, with heads fantastically carved." In some cases these lapses, no doubt, are mere trifles; and we shall probably be reminded of a certain well-known quotation from Horace. But the editor who censures his forerunners—an act never without its suspicion of bad taste—is bound to look narrowly to his own "parts of speech," lest he, too, should turn out to be no more than a castaway.

That Mr. Hazlitt has been a diligent collector of Lamb's letters, and that he has included in these volumes a good many examples derived from various sources, which did not form part of Talfourd's collection, may be cheerfully conceded. And Lamb—even without an editorial garnish—is always acceptable. But we are sorry that we cannot speak of Mr. Hazlitt's successes as an annotator with greater enthusiasm than of his prefatory words. It is true that his theory is unassailable. "Just so many notes as are necessary in strictness to explain allusions and passages which time has obscured, or is obscuring"—is a sentence which accurately expresses the function of the editor who desires to be unobtrusively helpful. But it is not easy to reconcile Mr. Hazlitt's precept with his practice. In one of his letters to Manning, Lamb says, speaking of the clock of St. Paul's, "At noon I casually glance upon it, being hungry; and hunger has not much taste for the fine arts." To this is appended the commentary:—"A reference, I suppose, to the proverb as to dining with Duke Humphrey. But the latter [?] is a fallacy. See my 'Proverbs,' 1882, p. 428." Again, in a note upon one of Talfourd's notes, Mr. Hazlitt says:—"Possibly it was to this porter-quaffing era that we should refer the anecdote about the tavern-keeper, who sent Lamb in a score for liquor had arranged in a single line, described by the recipient as truly H—Homeric." This, without transgressing the editor's strict rules as to note-making, might certainly have been a little

more lucid and explanatory. In another place, commenting upon the verses addressed by Lamb to Hester Savory, he says, "These pretty verses remind me of some of Mr. F. Locker's felicitous efforts in his 'London Lyrics,'" whereas, if he had said that some of Mr. F. Locker's lyrics had reminded him of Lamb, he would have spoken more precisely, though the note, upon his own principles, is perfectly superfluous. Lamb makes a reference "to the treacle-moon" of marriage, and Mr. Hazlitt annotates, "This reminds one of the 'Treacle Bible,' 1549, which reads, 'There is treacle in Gilead'"—a Macedon-and-Monmouth comparison of the most worshipful description, the object of which apparently is to bring in by the ears a scrap of bibliographical knowledge. On the next page, *à propos* of Lamb's reference to a friend's complaint of Chaucer's indifferent spelling—an ancient joke which has been rediscovered and rather overworked by the American humourists—the editor, with a veiled reticence as impressive as the fashionable conversation of Messrs. Pyke and Pluck in *Nicholas Nickleby*, observes, "It is curious that an eminent book-collector of the present day, Mr. C—M—, made the same remark to the writer of this note." But, though Mr. Hazlitt is "reminded" of many curious—and some irrelevant—things, his memory seems occasionally to betray him. For example, at p. 130, vol. ii., he quotes a passage from a letter of Lamb, of which he says he knows nothing further; and it turns out upon examination to be part of one of the most familiar pages of the "Old Margate Hoy"! It is in a note to a petulant passage in one of the letters of 1824, however, that Mr. Hazlitt excels himself, and with this specimen of his sense of editorial fitness we leave him to our readers:—

It seems a curious coincidence that we have on the Bench at present two namesakes of great men, Coleridge and Bacon. From what Lamb says of Ellenborough, he would not probably have entertained a very high opinion of either. We have been very unfortunate of late in our Lord Chief Justices; the ranks of the vocation are so poorly recruited, that you are to have a mediocre lawyer, if a good man, or if a strong lawyer, a disreputable fellow. The Bar is of course the nursery from which judges have to be drawn, and while stuff and silk gowns remain what they are, we must not expect much improvement in the intellectual calibre of the higher and highest grades of the profession. But, indifferent as our judicial staff is, the magistracy, paid or unpaid, is still worse—Shallow cut into slices.

A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.*

"SURELY," said Cardinal Newman, in one of his parochial sermons, "the life of soldiers on service is a very school of generosity and self-neglect, if rightly understood, and is used as such by the noble and high-principled." Such noble use of their lives has been made, we are thankful to say, by countless Englishmen from the days of "English John Talbot" and Sir Philip Sidney to those of Havelock and Gordon. The spirit of generosity and self-sacrifice which animated those gallant gentlemen of actual war and such gallant gentlemen of poetry and fiction as King Arthur, Captain Shandy, and Colonel Newcome burned bright in the breast of the hero of this touching and graceful memoir. When to this spirit of unselfishness and devotion to duty are united a glowing zeal for the glory of God and a passionate love for his fellow-men, the person to whom these gifts belong becomes a Gordon, though his name may perchance be never known out of his own village, or out of his own regiment, or perhaps even out of his own company:—

Such souls there are who little dream
Their daily strife an Angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall bloom in Heaven a martyr's palm.

Rudolph de Lisle was a scion of one of our oldest and noblest Roman Catholic families. Some of his ancestors had fallen in the Crusades fighting against the "hordes of false Mahmoud," whose descendants slew his brother at Delhi and himself at Abu Klea. He entered the navy at the usual age, though for some time he had serious doubts whether he ought to be a sailor or a priest. Bishop Ullathorne thinks it probable that he might have taken holy orders after all if he had lived. But the sea had a witching attraction for young De Lisle, and he longed to win and to lay at his mother's feet the Victoria Cross which his brother Everard had won but had not lived to wear.

In his various cruises he met with no particular adventures and saw nothing but what other sailors see under similar circumstances. In his letters home he makes the remarks which one would expect from a lively and intelligent observer of persons and things new and strange to his experience. Corfu he considered "the most enchanting, the most perfect place he had ever seen except Tahiti," and he bitterly regretted that England should have given it up, "for since our departure the Ionian Islands have deteriorated and the place is comparatively poor. A good many in the islands would be only too glad if we had them again, but I fear that will never come about." It is not clear that the young sailor had ever heard of Prince Bismarck's famous saying that the decadence of Great Britain began with her abandonment of the protectorate of the Ionian group. Everything he saw tended to increase the sympathy which, as an English Roman Catholic gentleman, he naturally felt for Austria. "How people can abuse Austria I can't think; one sees everywhere how she is civilizing the countries she has occupied, and

* *Letters of Charles Lamb.* By the late Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, D.C.L. An entirely new edition, carefully revised and greatly enlarged. By W. Carew Hazlitt. London: Bell & Sons. 1886.

* *Memoir of Lieutenant Rudolph de Lisle, R.N.* By the Rev. H. N. Oxenham, M.A., Author of "Short Studies, Ethical and Religious," &c. &c. London: Chapman & Hall.

the difference is very marked between the Montenegrins and the Dalmatians." Only a Roman Catholic can perhaps feel to the very depths the shame of the abominable lives led by the majority of the clergy in some of the Spanish-American Republics, though travellers of every creed must be shocked and scandalized at seeing celibate priests walking about with and openly acknowledging their children. One of these profligate clergymen told a messmate of De Lisle's jokingly that he was married; and, on the officer observing that he thought the clergy of the Roman Church were forbidden to marry, he coolly replied that "he was not married, but only had a wife." At Lima the subject of this memoir gave a characteristic proof of the tenderness which was ever blended with his undaunted courage and contempt of danger. A house was on fire, and he saw in the upper story a canary in a cage near the window. The canary must have perished in the flames if De Lisle had not rushed into the burning house, reached the cage, opened it, and released the bird. He brought it home to England with him. On one occasion, when only a midshipman, he was on night watch in a heavy storm. One of the masts crowded with sail was carried away. The captain came shortly afterwards on deck, and asked the youngster what he meant by having allowed such a thing to happen, and why he had not sent some one up to reef the sail. He replied that he should not have dared to do it himself, and that what he would not dare himself he would never ask another to do. He added that it would have been at the risk of a man's life to do it, and that a man's life was worth more than a mast. The captain went away still fuming with anger; but he soon got over his wrath, and said to De Lisle:—"You were right, and I was wrong; a man's life is of more value than a mast, and I wish every one did like you—it would be far better."

In his short and, on the whole, correct summary of modern Hawaiian history Mr. De Lisle, or more likely the transcriber of his letters, makes a marvellous hash of native names. We are told anecdotes of *King Kamikamika*, and we are assured that at the Roman Catholic Cathedral the sermon was preached in *Kamika*. Mr. De Lisle, while he was beloved by all his men as sailors and soldiers know how to love an officer who is always just as well as always kind and considerate, endeared himself especially to the Roman Catholic sailors, who he took care should have all the religious privileges within their reach, he himself reading the office and sermons to them on board ship and conducting them to their churches on shore whenever opportunity offered. It must not be supposed that the hero of this modest biography, though a Christian of deep faith and stainless purity of life, was, to use the jargon of a certain school, at all "seriously inclined." As in all men with healthy minds in healthy bodies, cheerfulness was of the very essence of his religion, and he had the rollicking high spirits which we have been brought up to consider characteristic of the British tar. But it is time for us to tell the close of this bright young life. In August 1834 he was sent with some bluejackets to try to drag several boats 1,100 feet long over the cataracts of the Nile, which was then falling—an arduous and almost hopeless task, for, as the young sailor writes, "There is, I fear, if successful, no possibility of getting beyond Dongola, and then there is a march over the desert of 170 miles." The sad history of the dilatory and futile attempt to release Gordon and Khartoum is fresh and sore in all our minds. We need not recapitulate it here. We will only make a very few extracts from De Lisle's letters to his mother giving some of his personal experiences of the sorrowful campaign:—

I have had a lot of work to do already in the sun, and, thank God! I have not felt the heat much as yet. . . . At Suakin, in the Red Sea, the Marines are burying a man a day from sunstroke. . . . We heard a great deal about crocodiles up here at Akbar, but I have not seen any. Anyhow, we bathe (the officers up here), though we will not let the men risk it; and though the water is as dirty as the very worst ditch-water, it is sweet and good. I drink bucketfuls of it, and at one time expected all sorts of direful calamities from it; but it must be all right, for the natives drink it all day long. There are not even any date palm-trees, and no shelter of any sort or description; but out in the sun one doesn't want it. One thing is I never knew what work was till up here, and I regret to say our sailors frequently see officers doing what they ought to risk doing themselves. I regret to say this has been noticed by military men who have been with us. Yesterday, to save our boots, they sent the tars thirty donkeys to help them along a bit. The guides lost four on the way, rather a bad beginning. Anything more amusing I never saw than the men returning to camp last night, some being shot over the beasts' heads, some dropping off over their tails, some dragging the donkeys along; others had made a clean bolt for the desert, and the tar in his jaded state was quite unable to get them again. I was much amused with what you said about my sketch of October 25th, but I must say I was disgusted with my sketches, as reproduced, of November 1st. In the first place, blue-jackets do not wear waistcoats and look as the men represented in the *Illustrated* did.

This last passage reminds us of an anecdote told us by the colonel of a Light Infantry regiment engaged in the New Zealand war of 1866. An officer sent a spirited sketch to the *Illustrated* of an action with the Maoris in which our troops were represented fighting, as they did fight, in fatigue jackets and forage caps. When the picture appeared in the newspaper, the men had all been tidied up and put into dress tunics, belts, and shakos.

A very few more extracts from Mr. De Lisle's letters to his mother:—

I frequently yarn with the Canadians, and I get any amount of work out of them, and they insist occasionally upon my accepting some of their excellent tobacco, which is the most acceptable thing one can get. Some people don't get on with them; some of the *Club* soldiers don't understand

their free and easy ways. They have already lost four men, three by drowning and the fourth by a fall. At best, so far, this is rather a cold-blooded kind of game. Through all the rapids, &c., except when tracking, the officers of course steer; but it is amusing to hear the soldiers talk about how of course the sailors know all about rapids, &c., as if ships went over rocks and shot rapids every day of their lives. . . . Got to some wells to-day; water thick, like liquid mud; and, as some of the soldiers had only one pint of water, we forewent [is it English?] ours so as not to block the way.

It is on record [says Mr. Oxenham] that among the most hideous devilries employed with deadly effect in the cruel dragonnades of Louis XIV. to reduce his Huguenot subjects to orthodox profession, or more often to insanity, was the rendering sleep impossible by the intermittent clash of military music from eve to morn; the same refinement of torture had before been applied by the Scottish Puritans to the Jesuits. To this torment also were our troops exposed on what, to so many of them, was to be their last night on earth. One who was present writes that as the moonless hours wore on the enemy increased their fire, and bands of them marched about from point to point banging their kettledrums, and making the most execrable din. Our soldiers heard it even in their dreams.

On the following day was fought the battle of Abu Klea, where the gallant Burnaby was killed, where Sir Herbert Stewart met his death wound, and where Lord Airlie and Lord Charles Beresford received spear stabs. The latter, by-the-bye, was the only officer of the Naval Brigade who was not either killed or severely wounded.

Rudolph de Lisle was found dead about eight yards in advance of his gun. His body was pierced with more than fifty spear wounds, and there was one frightful sword-cut in the chest. His face was not much disfigured except by blood; his sword was in its scabbard. He had evidently been unable to draw it, and had been using his pistols, with which he had killed three of his assailants before he was himself surrounded and struck down. "True to the last," says Mr. Oxenham, "to the grand motto inscribed on his sword, though on this occasion it was not unheathed, he died as he had lived, for his God, for his country, for righteousness."

Thus fell one of the many victims to the cruel and wicked delay in sending help to Gordon. The daring attempt on the part of our generals and troops to relieve that martyr to imbecility and irresolution was, as Mr. Oxenham says, "foredoomed from the first to inevitable failure." Of De Lisle Lord Charles Beresford wrote:—"He had the grandest and most unselfish character I ever met with. He was a good man in every sense of the word, a splendid officer, and a great loss to the service." Another officer of the Naval Brigade wrote:—"I say it with shame; the first time I have knelt in prayer for years was to say one for De Lisle." Another officer wrote, "The men worshipped him."

Rudolph de Lisle came of a race of which the women were as lion-hearted as the men:—

In the first freshness of her overwhelming grief his favourite sister wrote, on hearing of the fall of Khartoum and Gordon's death, barely ten days after the battle of Abu Klea, "This terrible news makes me almost happy that he was taken from us in the hour of victory. He would have been nearly maddened by the terrible disappointment of arriving too late."

There were, as the author of this Memoir observes, many striking points of similarity in the characters of Gordon, who united the courage of a hero to the faith of a saint, and of the sailor who died fighting to save him from the fate to which his own Government betrayed him. The one, it is true, wore round his neck a rosary and a crucifix, while the other cared little for any outward help to faith and duty other than his well-thumbed Bible. But each of them held in all simple single-heartedness the belief that God overrules the world and the destinies of men and nations. Each held, and proved by his stainless life that he held, the grand creed that purity and godliness are not virtues for women only. Each, like the Knight in the *Canterbury Tales*,

loved chivalrie,
Truth and honour, freedom and courtesie.

Indeed, a better epitaph for Rudolph de Lisle could hardly be found than the concluding lines in which Chaucer portrays his favourite pilgrim:—

And of his porte as meke as is a mayde;
He never yet no vilaine ne sayde
In all his life unto no manere wight:—
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.

This perfect knight, who

Wore the flower of a blameless life,

could not easily have found a biographer more able and more sympathetic than Mr. Oxenham.

THE SEINE AND THE LOIRE.*

UNDER the title of *The Seine and the Loire* Messrs. Virtue have published a reissue, from the original plates, of sixty-one of the sixty-three line-engravings, by Brandard, Willmore, Miller, Wallis, Cousen, Radclyffe, Higham, Smith, and others, after drawings by J. M. W. Turner, which were first presented to the public in 1833-34-35, as *Turner's Annual Tour*. The author of the first text was the late Leitch Ritchie, that of the present is the work of Mr. Marcus Huish, who, in addition to a set of descriptive commentaries, is responsible for a useful introduction. As the plates are little, if anything, worn (the

* *The Seine and the Loire*. Illustrated with Sixty-one Engravings in Pure Line after Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. London: Virtue. 1886.

original publication was anything but successful) their re-issue is in all respects a matter for congratulation. The taste for line-engraving has disappeared it is true; before etching on the one hand, and photography on the other, the craft of Woollett and Higham, its many noble and exquisite capacities notwithstanding, has fallen into such desuetude that, says Mr. Huish, "were a thousand pounds offered to-day for such a plate as 'Rouen from St. Catherine's Hill,' it could not be produced"; so that it is probable that by the great majority of the public the art of these excellent engravings will be found absolutely insignificant. To this section, however, the work is likely to appeal on other grounds—romantic, topographic, Ruskin-Turnerian—with considerable force; while to the other, the section which is still alive to the interest and the charm of the achievements of the burin, it must "arrive most welcome" for its own sake, especially in the absence of good and complete copies of the first impression.

"You ought," says Mr. Ruskin, in his solemn and persuasive way, "if it is at all in your power, to possess yourself of a certain number of good examples of Turner's engraved work"—an injunction which every good Ruskinite may lay to heart, if he will, and if he will not, he is no true follower of the Master—in connexion with *The Seine and the Loire*. Apart, indeed, from its interest as an example of the lost art of the burinist, the collection has charms to which no Turnerite worthy of the name could possibly remain indifferent. It comprises not a little of the artist's most daring and delightful work in water-colours, the medium in which his genius achieved its most personal and most brilliant expression, and his hand its finest freedom and its highest dexterity; and of most of these the great Apostle of Turnerism has written as no painter's work was ever written of before. Thirty-five of them were part of the Turner bequest, and are now in the National Gallery; fourteen were presented by Mr. Ruskin to the University Galleries at Oxford; one, "the most magnificent drawing of the whole sixty-three," is still in his possession. They have, indeed, a quite historical dignity. In that literature of misapprehension and misinterpretation which is more particularly known as art-criticism, they hold a place scarce less conspicuous than important; for there is scarce one of them but has been passed through the prism of Mr. Ruskin's mind, and been charged with its gayest hues, its rarest and subtlest chromatic schemes. Mr. Huish (who is not, by the way, above talking of "affectionate motives") appears to think that their position is scarce to be over-estimated, for he quotes the prophet whenever he can, while to Mr. Hamerton's judgments, which are pitched in another key and addressed to a different end, he refers not nearly so often as he might. And yet Mr. Hamerton, who always writes to the point, has never written to better purpose than in his chapter on *Turner's Annual Tour*. It is well, of course, for Mr. Huish to quote much and often from Mr. Ruskin; whether you agree with it or not, a sentence from his pen is pretty sure to be acceptable as a sentence, and may—and often does—possess such charms of colour and sound as affect the sense like music or good poetry. Mr. Hamerton is far more prosaic; but what he has to say is nearly always suggestive, and is sometimes entirely convincing. It is interesting to note, for instance, that in discussing the *Annual Tours* he shows himself completely at variance with his predecessor on the great question of Turner's love for and truth to nature. Turner, he opines, "agreed heartily with Byron in looking for the poetry of his subjects much more to man and man's works" than to nature pure and simple. His landscapes are conspicuously rich in architecture; his seas and rivers teem with shipping; badly as he draws the human figure, he never loses an opportunity of drawing it. Of the sixty plates included in the *Annual Tours*, some fifty are touched with the interest of architecture, and six with that of boats and shipping, while a certain number are "without even water or landscape, the river being out of sight and the land all covered with buildings." This seems to him to prove—and he illustrates the proof by a neat comparison between Turner and Daubigny—that Turner only looked at such parts of the Seine and the Loire as suggested opportunities of "elaboration, quantity, and brilliance," and that he was altogether lacking not merely in the love of Nature herself alone, but also in that profound acquaintance with her secrets by which the work of his greater successors is pre-eminently distinguished. Again, it would have been useful and appropriate had Mr. Huish contrasted some of the more flamboyant of Mr. Ruskin's asseverations of his idol's incomparable veracity with Mr. Hamerton's reasons for believing Turner "the most inaccurate and the most ready to shut his eyes to truths which did not interest him" of all the better painters of his time, and to have found room as well for his comparison between Meryon and Turner, his analysis and description of Turner's colour, and his whole account of the principles on which Turner achieved his results. Mr. Ruskin may be the best of teachers and preachers. But when it comes—as in his notes on the "Rietz"—to his informing us that "the motive here is the expression of rude but perfect peace, slightly mingled with an indolent languor and despondency," and that "to attain this, together with stability," we must have "horizontal lines and bold angles," it has to be admitted that such plain truth-telling as Mr. Hamerton's is not without its uses either.

THE MIDDLESEX SESSIONS ROLLS.*

WITHIN the last few years the county records of Middlesex have been placed in the new Muniment Room in the Clerkenwell Sessions House, where Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson was deputed by the Historical MSS. Commissioners to examine and report upon them. These Records are now for the first time made accessible for investigation and use. They fill upwards of ten thousand volumes, and nearly five thousand rolls or bundles, each of which contains numerous separate documents. In the handy and comfortable book before us we have a selection of the records from the third year of Edward VI. to the forty-fifth year of Queen Elizabeth. Another volume, which will bring them down to the end of the reign of James I., will be published in the course of this year. Subsequent volumes may follow, and tell us of the doings and misdoings of the Restoration, of the legal and criminal consequences of the Great Plague and the Great Fire, of the proceedings against the Nonconformists and the subsequent Jacobite insurrections against the House of Hanover.

From the time of Queen Elizabeth the clerks to the Middlesex Justices appear to have frequently put at the foot of each recognizance a brief note of the matter to which the document referred. Hence these records are by no means such dry reading as might be expected. A few of these notes, according to the editor, yield some interesting "particulars of the social manners, domestic interests, political ferment, and religious agitations of the Londoners in the olden time. They tell in terse words the story of a playhouse riot, a destructive fire, the arrest of a Jesuit, a daring burglary at Whitehall, the great plate robbery of the year, or an outbreak of London apprentices." We hope that such notes as are described will be much more plentiful and amusing in the subsequent volumes than they are in this first instalment of Records, which are almost as bare of note and comment as a Bible Society's copy of the Holy Scriptures. In many cases we are not even informed whether the person against whom a true bill is found is convicted or acquitted.

We have no notion what became, for instance, of Henry Edlin, late of Hendon, husbandman, who was presented by the grand jury in the third year of Queen Elizabeth's reign "because for three months following the 12th of October even until now he has had neither bow nor arrow for shooting, against the form of the statute in this case provided." We do not even know if he "put himself guilty," as the old and better reading has it. To "plead guilty" is, as the editor remarks, a phrase without sense or meaning. "Po se cul ca null sus" is the note on one indictment. If the clerk had "writ large," the words would be:—"Ponit se culpabilem; catalla nulla; suspendatur." Persons who guess riddles and puzzle out double acrostics, and whose heads must sometimes ache over their self-imposed labours, might find refreshment, or at any rate a change of entertainment, by puzzling out the meaning of some of the Latin sentences of the justices and their clerks. Here is an easy bit to begin upon. A woman convicted of theft pleaded pregnancy. One jury of matrons admitted her plea, but "postea scilt," runs a memorandum at the foot of the bill, "ad deliberationem gaule hic tent xxvi^o die Junii anno regni Regine Elizabeth quarto coram p'd Will'o Harper et sociis suis justic' p'd comp' fuit per sacrm matronarum q' p'd Katharina tunc non fuit p'gnans. To cons' est per Our qd sus per collum." Infanticide by violence seems to have been very rife in the reign of our spinster Queen. Suicides are less frequently recorded. Self-murder since the old Roman days has never, we fancy, been so prevalent a crime as it has become since the dawn of the First French Revolution. The Coroner's inquest, however, found that Margaret Yemans had, at the instigation of the devil, hanged herself with a girdle worth two-pence, "against the peace, crown, and dignity of the Lady the Queen." True bills were frequently found against money-lenders who took more than ten per cent. interest on sums advanced by them. Richard Offley was indicted for making a usurious bargain of this kind with Sir John Sentleger (St. Leger) of Annerly, co. Devon. Our ancestors seem to have had a keener scent for nuisances and a greater promptitude in abating them than their descendants. William Rock, on April 27, in the tenth year of Queen Elizabeth, was committed for trial on a charge of "keeping hogs in a certain yard and putting the entrails of animals there, so that the street and other neighbouring places were of fetid and putrid stench"; and John Forster, of Sheere Lane, clothworker, was brought before the magistrates, charged with having thrown divers unclean matters into the said lane. A curious indictment is that brought against Richard Nayler, fishmonger, for stealing certain hairs, worth threepence, from Henry Warley's mare and certain hairs worth threepence from the tail of John Finkes's gelding. Putting himself guilty, Richard Nayler was sentenced to stand in the pillory at Cheapside. A true bill was found against Henry Morrys, of Higheholborne, co. Midd., for having on one 14th of February "unlawfully cooked a legge of mutton which, after being so prepared by him, was there eaten by divers persons." St. Valentine's Day must have fallen in Lent that year; but, even without the good Bishop's festival for an excuse, Mr. Morrys might have pleaded

* *Middlesex County Records*. Vol. I. Indictments, Coroners' Inquests, Inquests Post-Mortem, and Recognizances, from 3 Edward VI. to the End of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Edited by Cordy Jeaffreson, M.A., Oxon, and Barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's Inn. With an Index by A. T. Watson. Published by the Middlesex County Record Society at the Clerkenwell Sessions House.

with Falstaff's hostess, "All victuallers do so; what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?" Frequent indictments were brought against persons for wearing certain tokens called "Agnus Dei," for celebrating private masses, and for harbouring and comforting recusant Popish priests. With what atrocious cruelty Roman Catholic clergymen themselves were tortured in Elizabeth's reign readers who are not acquainted with Dr. Jessop's delightful *One Generation of a Norfolk House* may learn in a cursory way from some of the entries in this volume. Men and women accused of witchcraft fared a little better perhaps at the hands of their executioners, but not much. One of the most frequent committals is of persons neglecting to attend church or chapel—that is, some church of the Establishment or authorized chapel—on the Lord's Day. Over and over again we read of the same persons prosecuted for this crime. The names of Towneley, Methern, Yate, Eyton, Vaux, Braybrooke, and Arundell occur perpetually in this connexion. If Roman Catholics are punished for not going to church, lax Protestants who do not keep Lent seem to have been scarcely less obnoxious to the orthodox magistracy of Middlesex.

Scurrilous language against the Queen's Majesty is very properly punished, and the penalty of the statute is pronounced against Peter Moyses for having said to Christopher Giffes "The Queen is a rascal." Dr. Johnson declared the word "scoundrel" to be a noun common to both genders; but neither that ugly word nor its congener "rascal" could in the old days when the Commandment to honour the king was accepted as of divine authority be applied with impunity to the Sovereign. A butcher is brought before the bench for selling "a shepe of two yere for a lame." Several persons were committed in the forty-second year of Queen Elizabeth for making starch *de tritico* "against the form of the proclamation in this case published." It would be curious if Bartholomew Turpin, who robbed passengers of their purses on the "highway at Hygate," was a forbear of the more famous Richard.

A daring burglary was committed at Fulham Palace towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, when her Majesty herself was in the house as a guest of the Bishop, and in less than a year afterwards Fulham Palace was again broken into and "five carpettes of divers colours worth ten pounds" were stolen. The burglar on this second occasion was hanged. The recorded deaths in Newgate and other prisons from what is here styled "The pynninge sickness" were probably the result of a disease similar to gaol fever. One of the most interesting features in the jurisprudence of earlier days is the strange privilege called benefit of clergy accorded to certain convicted prisoners. There are many instances mentioned in this volume of sentenced criminals asking for a book to read in order to prove their scholarship. Generally the note adds that the prisoner "legit ut clericus," and is set free after he has been branded on the thumb; but occasionally the pretended clerk can no more read the printed paper submitted to him than Gilead P. Beck could decipher the poems of Mr. Browning. The most interesting claimant of the immunity mentioned in this volume is Ben Jonson. The editor, with justifiable self-complacency, remarks that, though Cunningham and Collier had ascertained that the hitherto mysterious person whom Jonson killed in a duel "with a rapier" was a certain Gabriel Spencer, neither these eminent commentators nor the public had any notion until now how the poet escaped the gallows, which, in one of his confidences to Drummond of Hawthornden, he confessed himself to have come near. Peers of the realm had no need to be scholars in order to enjoy the same privileges or even greater privileges than those accorded to prisoners who could read. The benefit of peerage was for the first offence, and without the humiliation of branding, accorded to every Lord of Parliament who should be guilty of "housebreaking, highway robbery, horse-stealing, and robbing of churches—although he should be unable to read."

This book will be a valuable handmaid to history, archaeology, and jurisprudence. No one but a critic need read it through *seriatim* in one or two sittings; but it will be almost as fascinating and enticing a book of reference as the First Quarto of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. Mr. Jeaffreson's industry deserves the heartiest commendation. His conscientiousness is almost appalling. He tells us that the majority of the documents before him were absolutely uninteresting and historically worthless, but that he never flinched from his resolution of examining every one of them. But for this dogged and praiseworthy persistency he might have overlooked the important fact, unknown to previous biographers and to the public at large, that Sir Walter Raleigh, instead of kneeling before Queen Elizabeth for the first time in 1582, had been a bright ornament of Her Majesty's Court for at least five years before.

LES LETTRES ET LES ARTS.*

THE July issue of *Les Lettres et les Arts* is at least as good as any of its predecessors. As a budget of literature the magazine has always left something to desire; and the present number is not likely to increase its reputation in this respect. Such a *nouvelle*, for instance, as *L'Aventure du Commandant Pervenche*, by M. Théophile Gautier II., is not bad reading, doubtless; but it is hardly worth the costly setting in which it is presented by the editor of *Les Lettres et les Arts*. Again, M. Pierre de Nolhac's

Chanson d'Élé is neat enough verse, while the stanzas addressed by M. Edouard Grenier à la *Vénus de Milo* are sufficiently well turned and well rhymed; but one cannot help thinking that MM. Grenier and de Nolhac are uncommonly lucky fellows. The best thing in the number is *Le Manteau de Joseph Olenine*, by the Vicomte de Vogüé; it is pleasantly imagined and told with real tact and *esprit*. M. Charles Salomon writes intelligently and with point of certain peculiarities in the novels of Count Tolstoi; M. Henri Cochon contributes a capital article on Petrarch the misogynist; while M. Adolphe Aderer tells the story and describes the art of Mlle. Rosita Mauri and Subra, of the Académie Nationale de Musique, in terms which can hardly fail to commend him to the ladies in question, and which will probably appeal with success to the general. But, on the whole, the literary quality of the magazine remains not strong. The man of letters who is responsible for what is included in the first half of its title is obviously not so well up to his work as the artist who has charge of the second.

The illustrations, indeed, are another and a very different thing. The frontispiece, from a design of M. François Flameng, is as fine a piece of colour-printing as we remember to have seen. It represents a scene in the adventure of the unfortunate Commandant Pervenche; and no better reconstruction of the fashions of 1804 can well be imagined. Very pretty in their mannered, artificial way, too, are M. Flameng's portraits of Sarah and Harriett O'Kelly, while the fashion in which they are reproduced is almost beyond criticism. The illustrations to *Le Manteau de Joseph Olenine* are by MM. Gray and Chelmonski; they are always intelligent, and they are often artistic. M. Adrien Moreau's picture of Petrarch in converse with Savina of Aragon and her sister of Hungary is thoroughly modern in spirit and effect; but M. Wallet has engraved a portrait of Laure de Sade, from a fourteenth-century miniature in the Mediceo-Laurenziana Library, with not a little of the naïve and graceful sentiment of the original. The border designed by M. Giacomelli for M. de Nolhac's *Chanson d'Élé* is charming; and there are worse things in art than the *Bather en chemise* among the rocks by which it is faced. To be noted in connexion with M. de Saint-Albin's article on the Grand Prize of Paris are a picturesque and spirited example of Eugène Lami, "Courses de Chantilly, 1836"; two admirable sketches signed "De Nittis," and M. J.-L. Brown's portrait of Minting. There are portraits (from photographs) of Mlle. Mauri and Subra; but there is nothing so ungraceful as the short skirts of the *dansseuse* in the flat or in the round, and these two pictures are a blot on the fair face of the number. On the other hand, M. de Liphart's portrait of Count Tolstoi could only be beaten by a great artist; it is a striking record of a strange, an interesting, and a powerful individuality.

The "Menuet" contributed by M. Ignaz Brüll is not particularly melodious, nor is it extraordinarily suggestive of the dance. It is well written, however, and it is paved with good intentions; as are the designs of M. Maurice Leloir in which it is framed.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE story of the connexion of England and Germany (1) is a very pleasant one, for it is little else than the register of benefits mutually given and received. The balance of advantage, moreover, is very even. If England has produced a far deeper effect on German literature than *vice versa*, Germany, on the other hand, has contributed far more eminent naturalized citizens to the kindred country. The Scotch extraction of Kant, we fear, is hardly established, and, even if it were, would scarcely be an offset against the undeniable German nativity of the chief musician of England and the greatest of her astronomers. Handel and Herschel are boons for which the House of Hanover can never be sufficiently thanked. If we have a fault to find with Dr. Schaible's excellent volume, it is that he has hardly laid sufficient stress on the vast influence of the accession of George I. upon the relations of the two peoples. Since George's ill-favoured seraglio came over "for all our goods," the intimacy of the two nations has been continually widening and deepening to the benefit of each, notwithstanding a great amount of foolish prejudice on both sides, especially, we regret to acknowledge, on England's. Of late some of Dr. Schaible's countrymen have been trying to make the balance even; and we cannot but feel indebted to him for the spirit and candour with which he has used the influence due to a long residence and an honourable career in this country to put down their pernicious nonsense, and denounce the folly of estrangement between kindred nations with every feeling and interest in common, and no more worthy subject of contention than the sands of Walfisch Bay or the swamps of the Cameroons River. As he plainly hints, the future of neither is sufficiently clear to warrant indulgence in useless and unprofitable quarrels; and especially is this the case with Germany, who, with all her military greatness, is actually losing ground wherever she is in contact with a Slavonic population. The promotion of a good understanding could hardly be better essayed than by Dr. Schaible's method, showing by a simple enumeration of facts speaking sufficiently for themselves how fruitful of good the relations of England and Germany have been, and how much

(1) *Geschichte der Deutschen in England von den ersten Germanischen Ansiedlungen in Britannien bis zum Ende des 18. Jahrhunderts.* Von K. H. Schaible. Strassburg: K. J. Trübner. London: Trübner & Co.

* *Les Lettres et les Arts.* Juillet, 1886. Paris and London: Boussod, Valadon & Cie.

each has contributed to the other's intellectual development. The history would have been still more honourable to Germany had Dr. Schaible's plan embraced the present century, in which England has for the first time assimilated German learning as an animating force instead of the mere dead letter of erudition; in which more eminent Germans than ever before have become permanently domiciled in this country; and in which, mainly through the instrumentality of Coleridge and Carlyle, English common sense, without being superseded as the foundation of sound thinking, has lost much of its uninvitingly prosaic character from association with the transcendental and ideal. To the end of the seventeenth century Dr. Schaible's list of German residents in England seems as full as it is accurate. He might, perhaps, have profited by that storehouse of curious information, Mr. W. B. Rye's *England as Seen by Foreigners*, the rather as the personages mentioned by Mr. Rye seem unknown to him. We are not quite so sure of the extent of his information respecting the eighteenth century. In the absence of an index, a great defect in a book of this nature, it is difficult to be absolutely certain; but he does not seem to be acquainted with Albrecht von Haller's recently published account of his visit to England, or with Baroness von Riedesel's letters, which, though principally written from America, still partly concern England. Other apparent omissions may be noticed; but, if not absolutely exhaustive, Dr. Schaible's volume is still adequate for its excellent purpose.

Another German work on England, of much slighter calibre, but equally estimable for the friendly spirit which has inspired it, is Leopold Katscher's volume of sketches of English society, entitled with kindly sarcasm "Fogland" (2). The fogs do not seem to have prevented Herr Katscher from obtaining a tolerably clear view of the subjects to which his attention has been especially directed, among which may particularly be named two colossal nuisances, the Salvation Army and the Channel Tunnel. The better side of the former is not unfairly judged by him, and the history of Sir E. Watkins's parody of Lesseps is told with spirit. Numerous papers on minor topics contribute to make an attractive volume, if not a very profound or instructive one.

The second volume of Ruge's correspondence (3) is full of interest, but wants the unity of the first. Ruge is no longer the head of a party, intent on urging literary, philosophical, and political reform. His ship has gone to pieces, and the captain, driven ashore by the tempest, hardly counts for more than an individual mariner. He does, indeed, appear as the colleague of Mazzini, Kossuth, and Ledru-Rollin, in a manifesto addressed to the European democracy, claiming to represent the democracy of Germany. But Germany assuredly would not have recognized him in this capacity; nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than the failure of German democracy of the Republican or Socialistic varieties to produce a representative man. The correspondence, however, is varied, entertaining, and can only increase our respect for Ruge's disinterestedness and independence; while the sound view he took of German politics in later years, when the national unity proved to be attainable by other paths than he had contemplated, is creditable to his patriotism and good sense. Among the most interesting letters are several from Franz Sigel and other refugees describing the condition of the United States, and one—rather on account of the writer than the subject—from the pen of Felice Orsini. It is interesting to learn Ruge's opinion of Buckle, whom he translated and did so much to render popular in Germany. Buckle is, it seems, "wonderfully reasonable for an Englishman," but, being destitute of logic, and afflicted with a superstitious veneration for "law, cause, and effect," is at best but an English Hermann. "The Germans in Greek are sadly to seek; all, save only Hermann—and Hermann's a German." Freiligrath's letters are admirably characteristic of the frank, cordial, and genial temper of the writer. Considerable entertainment may be derived from Ruge's letters to Mr. St. Clair Greece, whom he endeavours to make, though an Englishman, a sound Hegelian. He is much annoyed at the sudden fame of Schopenhauer, so long ignored by the Hegelian school, and whom he calls a Berkeleian Kantian. But according to G. H. Lewes, Ruge himself had surpassed even this apparent culmination of idealism, for he says with a frankness rare among philosophers, "What appears to you as plain as a pikestaff appears to me moonshine."

The life of Richard Lepsius (4), an explorer of Egyptian tombs and temples as well as Egyptian hieroglyphics, offers more material for the biographer than the generality of lives of philologists. It has fallen into excellent hands in being undertaken by Herr Ebers, not only an accomplished man of letters, but himself an enthusiast for Lepsius's pursuits, and personally acquainted with his hero. The result is a well-proportioned and entertaining memoir, more interesting, perhaps, in treating of Lepsius as the student than of Lepsius at the height of his reputation. His first steps in philology were made at Göttingen, where he was so fascinated by Otfried Müller as, upon his removal to Berlin, to feel at first disappointed with such intellectual giants as Boeckh and Bopp, whom he afterwards learned to appreciate. His first

laurels were gained in the investigation of the Umbrian of the Etruscan Tablets. On devoting himself to Egyptian studies he received the most generous aid from Rosellini, and afterwards experienced the patronage of Bunsen, who seemed to make a point of repaying the debt he owed to Niebuhr by extending a similar support to scholars of promise. Bunsen's influence with Frederick William IV. procured Lepsius the Egyptian mission which made both his fame and his fortune. He returned to find himself at the head, along with Birch, of the Egyptian scholarship of Europe; and the younger men who subsequently arose to share his honours either, like Brugsch and Renouf, entered upon different paths, or were content to defer to his established reputation. He did not, on his own part, merely rest upon his ability or content himself with the arrangement of the Berlin Egyptian Museum, but pushed forward the investigation of the living languages of Africa, which he had begun to study on his Nubian expedition. Late in life he obtained the headship of the Berlin Library, an office in his case rather complimentary than earned by any special bibliographical acquirements. He nevertheless exerted himself as an administrator, and made the augmentation of the Library budget a condition of his acceptance of the post. Administration, whether of an expedition or a museum, seems to have been his forte at all times; his partial biographer refuses him genius, but lays stress on his intelligence, perseverance, and remarkable dignity and firmness of character. He was accused of coldness and want of geniality, but his biography contains many instances of warmth and strength of feeling.

The wonderful collections of papyri discovered at Fayoum, and now in the possession of the Austrian Archduke Rainer, receives further illustration from a discourse by Dr. von Hartel before the Vienna Academy of Sciences (5). Dr. von Hartel describes the character of this marvellous treasure, explains the light which it throws upon the social condition of Egypt during the Roman and early Saracenic periods, and publishes a classical fragment of great interest, part of an oration of Æschines against Demosthenes, delivered B.C. 330. Not much of equal literary importance has yet been found, the collection consisting principally of fragments of official documents; but the examination is as yet far from complete, and Dr. von Hartel's account of the reverence of the Egyptians for written papers, and their care to preserve them by enclosing them in jars, justifies the hope that the land of the Nile may yet have treasures in store for us.

Dr. Ludwig Keller (6), in investigating the history of the German translations of the Bible made by the Waldenses and members of other early Free Christian Churches, finds reason to believe that Luther was under great obligations to them. The superiority of the style of Luther's version to the ordinary German prose of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is thus in some degree explained, and the parallel passages quoted by Dr. Keller seem sufficient to establish at least Luther's acquaintance with some of the labours of his predecessors. It was also frequently made a reproach to him by contemporary opponents that he depraved Scripture by following the "Hussites." The latter part of Dr. Keller's work contains some hints on the connexion of the early German mystics with the Rosicrucians and Freemasons.

The congress of German philologists meeting at Dessau (7) appointed three members to examine the revised edition of the German Bible published by a committee at Halle. Unfortunately, the members were unable to agree on a joint report, and their opinions appear separately, though under the same wrapper. The difficulty is precisely the same as has been found in England, that of reconciling philological accuracy with the respect due to a grand and venerable translation. Compromise is indispensable, but conciliates neither party. The questions of textual criticism which have excited such lively debates in England do not seem to have arisen in Germany.

Radenhausen's treatise on "The True and False Bible" (8) is an attack on the morality of the Old Testament.

The "German Pitaval" (9) is a competitor of the "New Pitaval" in the form of a quarterly magazine. No small ability is required to compile the history of criminal cases in a form equally acceptable to jurists and to general readers, and we doubt whether this has as yet been manifested in the new candidate for public favour. A history of the proceedings of the German Anarchists, occupying more than half the number, though valuable as a record of facts, is deficient in the dispassionate impartiality to which even criminals are entitled from the legal point of view. The writer is in a frame of mind highly becoming in his readers, but to be deprecated in himself. The other article, the account of three murders imputed to a petty magistrate, but not proved in any one instance, is more in the manner of the "New Pitaval."

The latest parts of the comprehensive "Encyclopædia of Natural Science" (10), published at Breslau, include Parts 17

(2) *Nobelland und Themsestrand. Studien und Schilderungen aus der Heimat John Bull's.* Von Leopold Katscher. Stuttgart: Götschen. London: Nutt.

(3) *Arnold Ruge's Briefwechsel und Tagebuchblätter aus den Jahren 1825-1880.* Herausgegeben von Paul Nerlich. Bd. 2. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Richard Lepsius. Ein Lebensbild.* Von Georg Ebers. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Kolkemann.

(5) *Über die Griechischen Papyri Erzherzog Rainers.* Von Dr. Wilhelm Ritter von Hartel. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Nutt.

(6) *Die Waldenser und die Deutschen Bibelübersetzungen.* Von Dr. Ludwig Keller. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Gutachten über die von der Hallischen Revisions-Kommission herausgegebene Probebibel.* Halle: Niemeyer. London: Nutt.

(8) *Die echte Bibel und die falsche.* Von C. Radenhausen. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Nutt.

(9) *Deutscher Pitaval.* Vierteljahrsschrift. Herausgegeben von Hans Blum. Jahrg. i. Hft. 1. Leipzig: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Encyclopædie der Naturwissenschaften.* Breslau: Trevelandt. London: Williams & Norgate.

and 18 of the Zoological, Part 16 of the Chemical, Part 17 of the Botanical, and Part 12 of the Geological division. The most important articles are those in the latter discussing the migration (*Wanderungen*) of animals and plants in the geological epochs and the fossil mollusca (*Weichthiere*). Both are treatises of considerable extent, and both are written by Dr. Friedrich Rolle. The articles on the vital forces (*Kraft* and its derivatives) in the zoological division are also important. Nearly half the articles in this section relate to ethnology, which is regarded as a branch of zoology for scientific purposes.

Heine's *Harzreise* (11) is as good a text-book for somewhat advanced readers of German prose as could be selected, both on account of its unflagging liveliness, which keeps the reader continually interested and amused, and from the number of familiar and colloquial expressions which would not ordinarily find a place in classical prose. The latter advantage, however, implies the need of a good philological commentary, without which the author's meaning may easily be mistaken or remain unintelligible. Within a narrow space Dr. Buchheim has managed to give the student even more information than he could reasonably expect. The concise commentary is a model of clearness and condensation, and its utility is increased by a biographical sketch of Heine and a description of the Harz district.

Gottfried Keller returns to the field of fiction in the *Deutsche Rundschau* (12) with "Martin Salander," the story of a Swiss returned from Brazil to find himself robbed of his hard-earned savings by a swindling banker. Description and dialogue, as usual in Keller's tales, are too much spun out, and the progress of the action is too slow, but there is the usual marrowy and sinewy vigour of unsparing, yet in no way unpoetical, realism. "Hope," by Ossip Schubin, is a pretty fancy. The "Minister of Society" is a sketch of the late Baron Hofmann, a high official in the Austrian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which department, by some process of reasoning hardly comprehensible to us, is deemed at Vienna the proper one to take charge of theatrical matters. Hofmann, being entrusted with its management, came insensibly to represent the Government in journalistic circles and literary society, and seems to have discharged functions analogous to those attributed by Carlyle to the elder Sterling. We shall not quarrel with Herr Preyer for throwing great doubts on the value of the investigations of the Psychological Society, except so far as the unmasking of one notorious imposture is concerned. A paper on the progress of Socialism in Berlin leads to the conclusion that ere long the metropolis of the German Empire will be the headquarters of opposition to the ideas on which the German Empire is founded. Fortunately for Germany, the proletariat classes of the great cities exercise but little influence on the bulk of the nation. In the February number "Martin Salander" is continued in the same vein, and Bret Harte's "Snowed up in Eagles" is concluded. Lady Blennerhassett summarizes M. Taine's views on the influences of philosophy on the French Revolution; and Paul Güssfeldt contributes some not very graphic anecdotes of the late Prince Frederick Charles, whose harshness is excused as the result of devotion to duty, while he is extolled for private charity. There is a lively account of the long conclave of Benedict XIV., which killed four cardinals; and an excellent summary of the history and present state of opinion upon the Homeric poems. The writer, L. Friedländer, supports Grote's theory of an original Achilles. The next number drops the continuation of Keller's novel, but makes amends by translations of two foreign stories, a Spanish and a Russian. M. Garschin, the author of the latter, is introduced to us as one of the most promising of the younger Russian writers of fiction, and his novelette "The Bears" confirms this favourable judgment. There is profound pathos in the situation of the poor gipsies, compelled by an official ukase to destroy their pet animals, and humour in the perverse conscientiousness of the police officer who refuses to accept a bribe to let them off, though he would quite willingly have done so if he had caught them horse-stealing. The tragedy of the Spanish tale by P. A. de Alarcon is that peculiarly unsatisfactory kind which might have been avoided by a little common sense, but the literary composition is excellent. There are also a lamentation by Herman Grimm on the havoc wrought by the rebuilding of Rome, continuations of the memoir of Gustav Nachtigal and of Lady Blennerhassett's review of Taine's French Revolution, and an abstract of a recent book on English society which ill requites the space devoted to it.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ADMIRAL JURIE DE LA GRAVIÈRE will soon be obliged to look about for new naval worlds to conquer. The history of the British navy would be perhaps too trying a subject, and he has very nearly exhausted ancient naval affairs, besides making large incursions into modern. His present volume, on Doria and Barbarossa (1), has a certain connexion with his last, which was busied with the fortunes of the Galley in its later naval

history. It is an interesting contribution, not merely to the special subject to which it belongs, but to the history of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. The rivalry of Genoa and Venice on the one hand, of Geneva and the Catalan ports on the other, though one of the things generally known in a vague way, will probably afford to have a good deal of additional light thrown on it in the minds of most readers; while the exploits of the famous Turkish corsair-admiral are even less known. As usual, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière "applies" his history—not always with discretion. To class Blake among the leaders "qui ont rendu presque autant de service sur mer que sur terre" is either a piece of very great ignorance or one of absurd caprice. But the passage in which it occurs is perhaps a little warped by professional feelings. The author also thinks that Blake, with Monk, Rupert, Van Ghent, and D'Estaing, never arrived "à la hauteur de Tromp, de Ruyter, de Duquesne et de Suffren."

M. Weyl has done well to collect in a convenient and accessible form his newspaper letters on the French naval manœuvres (2). The criticism is severe, and is particularly directed against the out-and-out partisans of torpedo-boats who, indeed, after a short period of rather arrogant laying down of the law, appear to be, in undignified language, catching it on all sides. M. Weyl writes moderately, though forcibly, and his book is worth reading by all who are interested in the subject.

M. Weiss's *Au pays du Rhin* (3) is an agreeable contrast to the spiteful and childish French books on Germany of which there have been so many. Not only does he seem to have set out determined to keep his temper, but he kept it even when an ungallant and scientific Teuton endeavoured to persuade him that Frenchwomen belonged to a "race jaune" of their own—a contention which, though undoubtedly scandalous, might perhaps be plausibly supported. He observes German institutions quite impartially, and the results of his observations are pleasantly recounted, though very quietly and soberly. Indeed, the contrast of the generally businesslike tone of the book with the demure pleasantness which break out (only break out is too violent a word) in it is very agreeable and rather unusual in the present state of French literary taste. But perhaps M. Weiss is rather positive in saying that "jamais l'Alsacien n'acceptera de cœur l'Allemagne." It is a very long word is that *grand jamais*.

We do not know that elaborate books of physio-psychological observation and reflection please us much, especially when the subject is youthful humanity. The collection of instances often seems a little dubious, and the inferences and generalizations not a little hasty. M. Perez (4), however, appears to be a careful observer, and is certainly not a rash generalizer; nor does he seem to attach too much value to his own investigations, in the course of which he displays a good deal of common sense.

We have received two good children's books from M. Delagrave, both well illustrated (5, 6). We really do not know whether the three Chinese tales are of Celestial or of French invention. We should imagine the latter; but they are none the worse for their Gallic origin, if it exists. The *Voyage à travers la maison* is of the same class as the *Promenades du Docteur Bob*, which we noticed last week. A good governess (who, however, we regret to say, appears to believe in the *Vengex* fable) conveys information like a kind of Miss Barlow on all sorts of subjects, assisted by copious illustrations of an exceedingly miscellaneous character of subject, including a pig, a portrait of Gutenberg, two agreeable mediæval damsels looking sentimentally at a spinning-wheel, a fancy sketch of primitive man "at home," &c.

M. Lemerre has added to his *Petite Bibliothèque* a one-volume edition of M. Clarétie's *Robert Burat* (7), and M. Plon has given lovers of the Russian novel yet another example of it by the author of *Mille âmes* (8). The translation, which, as in the case of the earlier book, is by M. Victor Dérély, is a very good one.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE novel-reader, with a taste for stirring incident and the natural evolution of a plot, may be rendered happy by Mr. J. E. Muddock's *From the Bottom of the Deep* (Sonnenschein & Co.) The story is well told and shows considerable inventive ability. Two capital villains, with some diabolical plotting, mutiny on the high seas, murder and wife-desertion, and other tragical circumstances, make up a tolerably strong dish, which is on the whole discreetly compounded. Mr. Muddock's method is concerned with the exhibition of character in action, and not with the tedious dissection of commonplace persons and motives which passes with many people for psychological study. The brisk eventful movement of a melodramatic narrative is by no means unfriendly to the revelation of character. The two scoundrels, Isaac Luck and Samuel Behrens, are vigorously sketched with a few broad and firm touches that give strength and accent to the contrast. More elaboration is bestowed on the character of Isaac Greth, a self-made shipowner, whose rough exterior conceals a

(2) *Les grandes manœuvres de l'escadre française*. Par E. Weyl. Paris: Ollendorff.

(3) *Au pays du Rhin*. Par J. J. Weiss. Paris: Charpentier.

(4) *L'enfant de trois à sept ans*. Par B. Perez. Paris: Alcan.

(5) *Trois contes chinois*. Par S. E. Robert. Paris: Delagrave.

(6) *Voyage à travers la maison*. Par Granpon. Paris: Delagrave.

(7) *Robert Burat*. Par Jules Clarétie. Paris: Lemerre.

(8) *Les faiseurs*. Par Pisemsky. Paris: Plon.

(11) *Heine's Harzreise*. Edited, with English Notes, by C. A. Buchheim, Ph.D. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

(12) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. xii. Hfte. 4, 5, 6. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(1) *Doria et Barbarousse*. Par le Vice-Amiral Jurien de la Gravière. Paris: Plon.

tender heart that is ever faithful to the one romantic incident of his hard and prosaic life. This is a skilful piece of portraiture. The womenfolk of the story have much less distinction and vitality; the heroine is insipid, and the other female characters possess little personality.

A Fortnight in Heaven (Sampson Low & Co.) is not a theological tract, but an attempt to prefigure in "an unconventional romance" the ultimate goal of socialist tendencies, a demonstration of the absurdity of the argument for State interference with individual liberty. Mr. Harold Brydges, the author of this satirical effusion, has not been uninfluenced by the example of Gulliver and Poe's mad tale of a voyage to the moon. His hero possesses the enviable power of absenting himself at will from his fleshly prison. To escape a frivolous and unsympathetic wife, he launches his astral body into space, and lands in the planet Jupiter, where he finds all the countries, institutions, and individuals of earth have their "doubles," and very sublime counterparts they prove to be. His first experience of the heaven of Socialism is in the Jovian city of Chicago, a place of stupendous magnificence, among whose citizens he is but a pigmy. Here he witnesses the capture of an unfortunate negro who was flying to the heterodox town of St. Louis to dispose of his labour to his own advantage, in contravention of the tyranny of State regulation. From Chicago he voyages across the continent in an aerial ship, fitted with the most astonishing appliances of science, and from the deck he watches the progress of a revolution in the streets of the celestial New York. "Forty thousand foreign voters are demanding more Socialism. Free beer, free baths, free chowder, free clothes to the poor, free Latin and geography—all these have been granted, and more. Now they demand bread and cheese with the beer, soap with the baths, crackers with the chowder, pocket-money with the clothes, and lessons on the banjo with the Latin. And because the aldermen have hesitated to give the soap, the mob has threatened to lynch them, and the entire Council has fled to Hoboken." From this instructive picture the hero passes to other lands in Jupiter, and finally returns to earth and is united to his penitent spouse.

The Last Stake: a Tale of Monte Carlo (Fisher Unwin) is a dull and vulgar production. No reader of Mme. Foli's novel need be surprised that foreigners credit English people with all manner of excesses in speech and deportment. When a young lady calls a good-natured old gentleman who happens to be bald "a bladder of lard," and repeats the witticism with infinite gusto, the intelligent foreigner merely observes that it is "quite English." The phrase "awfully blazé" is also English; and English is the humour that likens a stout operatic singer to "a thick German sausage in a helmet." On p. 58 we find, "The French have had their 'Dames aux Camélias,' we, en revanche, have our 'Hommes aux Gardinas'—or, by a better-known title, 'The Mashers.'"

The Romance of Mathematics (Elliot Stock) combines the "original researches of a Lady Professor of Girtham College," with certain personal confessions of a romantic kind that lead to an agreeable dénouement. The author's ironical humour is pleasantly displayed in the papers on "The Social Properties of a Conic Section." The remaining addresses are unequal; the banter, for instance, on the education of women, addressed to the "male sycophant," is poor enough.

Under Two Fig Trees (Ward & Downey) is decidedly amusing. Its humour is of the subdued and unobtrusive quality that cajoles the reader into a delightful sense of participation in the author's perception of incongruities. The experience of the young married couple, under their town fig tree and their suburban, is full of diversion, and the narrator never digresses into boisterous extravagance.

Mr. Henry Morley's "Universal Library" is enriched by the *Popular Songs of Ireland*, collected by Thomas Crofton Croker (Routledge & Sons). Among books of its class, Croker's charming volume has never been supplanted by more recent collections; it retains its individual value, and should be welcome to thousands in its present cheap form.

There is no striking vitality in two "Life Sketches," by "Cosmo," entitled *Dust and Ashes*, and *Celeste's Inheritance* (Wyman & Sons). The first story depicts some episodes in the life of a Nihilist without revealing anything of Nihilism; the heroine is incredibly conventional, and neither the villain nor the hero is an impressive figure. The second story is more interesting, and shows some skill in development.

Love Letters of a Violinist, and other Poems, by Eric Mackay (Walter Scott), is the title of the last monthly volume of the series of "Canterbury Poets." Mr. Mackay's verse is often pretty and elegant, and always fluent and suggestive of facility. From the introductory notice we learn that "the Petrarch of the nineteenth century" has many admirers. "The Rev. T. T. Munger, of Massachusetts," writes of one of Mr. Mackay's lyrics, "It is not so intellectual as Shelley's, but I am not sure that it is not truer." Then there is "the well-known poet," Paul Hamilton Hayne, who observes, "Eric Mackay is a host in himself," which somehow does not impress us as original or as poetical. The testimony of "the cultured Maurice Thompson" echoes the eulogy of the oracular critic of Massachusetts. After all this it were vain to praise and useless to quote Mr. Mackay's Petrarchian poetry.

Mr. Davenport Adams has done fairly well by his selection of *Comic Poets of the Nineteenth Century* in "Routledge's World Library." While admitting anonymous verse and parody, the

editor might have spared us the feeble stanzas called "Sambo" and the stupid parody of Tennyson (p. 120).

We have received *The American* (Macmillan & Co.), in two volumes, in the beautiful new edition of Mr. Henry James's novels; the fourth edition of Mr. Allardice's *Steps; or, How to Punctuate* (Fisher Unwin); the current issue of the *Journal of Philology* (Macmillan & Co.); *British Fungi, Lichens, and Mosses*, by Messrs. E. M. Holmes and Peter Gray (Sonnenschein & Co.); and the first volume of the *Studies from the Biological Laboratories of the Owens College* (Manchester: Cornish), published by the Council of the College, and edited by Professor Milnes Marshall.

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